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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD : ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ONCE more we are in that dull, inactive season of the year when nothing is being done, and people are doing it very lazily. No one who can devise any reasonable pretext for leaving town remains there; the brown-holland blinds and shutters at the West End sufficiently demonstrate the migration of our "educated classes;" the working staff of the House of Commons, which stays in town perforce to complete the business of the session, sighs after Baden Baden, the heather, and the Tweed; publishers are idle; newspapers are endeavouring to force a sale, by foaming over the Indian mutiny; but, for all this, it is too hot to get excited, and we willingly postpone our enthusiasm until cooler and more convenient weather.

People still in town are amusing themselves in a dreamy, somnambulistic sort of way. There are no more demonstrations of JERROLD enthusiasm to be patronised, so we must e'en fall back upon ALBERT SMITH and Mont Blanc. There is something cool about the latter, at any rate; and, to keep up the illusion, the gallant and attentive *cicerone*, ever thoughtful of the comforts of his friends, propitiates the malignant Sirius by providing filters of pure water iced with unadulterated Wenham. Thoughtful ALBERT! May your icy streams run gold-dust at the bottom! Not a bad temptation to brave a hot theatre in this terribly high-mettled weather was the invitation to see the wonderful transformation of Mr. ROBSON the comedian into Mr. ROBSON the dignified manager. All the literary *sommités* in town came together to do honour to the occasion. Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, with Mr. DICKENS on one side and Mr. THACKERAY on the other, sat confident as to the reception of his "Lighthouse." Eminent critics and influential journalists looked blandly on, as if there were no such demons in the world as malign jealousy, revenge, and evil speaking. An amiable Utopian might have gazed upon the sight and felt his heart overflow with that human pigeon's milk, "the milk of human kindness;" but the play was played out, the expected applause was given, the author smiled a receipt in full from between his powerful supporters, and the whole "happy family" turned out to brawl and quarrel as before.

The country ought really to be very much obliged to Mr. SPOONER for the care which he takes of its money; but it would probably be a little better pleased if the honourable Member would exhibit a little more consistency in his economy. It is no use saving one end of the candle if you burn the other in a draught. Mr. SPOONER is evidently one of those mistaken calculators who pay attention only to the pence, and let the pounds take care of themselves. During the passing of most of the estimates, he has been quiet enough, only finding his legs when any vote savoured at all of encouraging Popery; but now, when a poor little sum of 2000*l.* was asked for Lord STANHOPE's Gallery of National Portraits, Mr. SPOONER gets up and talks about wasting the people's money. Does Mr. SPOONER think that there is anything Popish in collecting the portraits of our national worthies? Does he class hero-worship with saint-worship? Is SHAKESPEARE as obnoxious in his eyes as St. IGNATIUS, or BACON as St. JEROME? Mr. SPOONER is generally ready enough to vote away millions to make war; and, if it were not irreverent to compare so Protestant a gentleman with anything Catholic, we should feel inclined to draw a comparison between him and that bare-footed friar, who caused treasuries to be emptied in his zeal against the Soldan, but who refused to spend so much as the price of a small-tooth comb upon himself to keep him clean withal. Mr. SPOONER was of course backed up by Mr. COX of Finsbury, the "Viscount WILLIAMS," and other politicians of the like calibre; but it is satisfactory to be able to add that, after an eloquent reply from Mr. DISRAELI, the vote was carried by an overwhelming majority. Referring to what the commission had already done, Mr. DISRAELI said that "he felt that when the public saw the result of their labours, they would feel convinced that their money had been well employed. They had only been a year in existence; they had but two garrets in George-street to contain their pictures; but he was glad to say that they had

many of interest—including the portraits of Dr. MEADE, Sir W. WYNDHAM in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir WALTER RALEIGH. Before they called upon the commission for results, he would ask that they have not one year's, but five years' existence; and then there would be such an exhibition of portraits as would make them feel that those who had laboured in the public service had not betrayed their trust, but that they had laid the foundation of a gallery of portraits, embracing those eminent men who had created the glory of this country, and by looking upon whom future generations might be inspired to follow in their footsteps."

We have received an account of an interesting ceremony—interesting alike to those who love to mark the progress of education and literary culture, and to those who rejoice in the success of honest commercial enterprise. Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, of Glenormiston, one of the well-known firm of WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh and London, has inaugurated an institution in his native town, Peebles, which he has founded and endowed entirely at his own expense. The following document, which was inserted in a glass bottle and placed beneath a cavity in the foundation-stone, gives so good an account of the whole undertaking, that we can do no better than quote it in its entirety:

The property, of which the site of this hall forms a part, successively belonged to the Church of the Holy Cross of Peebles; the Hays, Lords Yesters, Earls of Tweedale; the Douglasses, Earls of March; and William, the Fourth Duke of Queensberry, from whom, in 1781, it passed into the possession of Provost James Reid. Finally, during the current year, it was acquired by William Chambers, Esq., of Glenormiston, with intentions as after narrated:—Born and educated in Peebles, Mr. Chambers followed the profession of a bookseller and publisher in Edinburgh and London, and was the projector of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, of which publication he has been editor, jointly with his brother Robert, until the present time. It having pleased God to bless Mr. Chambers's efforts to disseminate a cheap and wholesome species of literature, and to give him the means as well as the desire to do a noble work of piety and munificence, he resolved to show his affection for his native town and county (to which he had returned in 1849, on acquiring the estate of Glenormiston), by purchasing the aforesaid property, and, after effecting sundry improvements and additions, devoting it to purposes of moral and intellectual advancement and public utility for the benefit of the present and all succeeding generations. He now, accordingly, by assisting at the laying of this foundation-stone, commences a series of operations which, it is reasonably expected, will be finished within the ensuing two years. When completed, according to present plans and intentions, the Chambers's Institution, as it is to be called, will comprehend—first, in the old and massive edifice fronting the High-street, a public reading-room and library; second, in the buildings projected southwards on the west side of the quadrangular court behind, a gallery of art and museum fitted for the reception of objects illustrative of science and the fine arts, and calculated, it is hoped, to improve the mind and the taste of the visitors; third, closing the quadrangular court on the south, a hall of large dimensions, adapted for public meetings and exhibitions, also festive, educational, and other assemblies. It has also been arranged, at the request of the magistrates and town council of Peebles, that the ancient cross of the burgh, removed from the grounds of Sir Adam Hay, Bart., and presented by him to the burgh, shall be placed in the centre of the quadrangle, being a convenient and eligible spot, as nearly as possible to its original site in the High-street, and well adapted for the preservation of this interesting relic. When completed, according to these designs, at the cost and to the satisfaction of Mr. Chambers, the various buildings and their contents will be heritably conveyed, by Mr. Chambers, by deed of gift, to the provost, bailies, and town council of Peebles in trust for behoof of the community, according to certain terms enjoined by Mr. Chambers, and also according to certain regulations appointed by the directors, who, with their successors, will be named by Mr. Chambers in the constitution to be granted by him for government of the aforesaid Chambers's Institution.

It is impossible to appreciate too highly the liberality and public spirit of Mr. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, who thus applies the riches which he has so nobly won in bettering the intellectual condition of mankind in the way most likely to forward that which he has spent a life in endeavouring to accomplish.

The Historical Society of Philadelphia has lately been occupied by the consideration of a question of some interest to us as Englishmen, namely, the execution of Major ANDRÉ as a spy, during the great American War of Independence. In the last volume of his "History of England

Lord MAHON brought against the memory of WASHINGTON a very grave charge in connection with this melancholy event, terming it "the greatest blot" upon the career of WASHINGTON. Zealous to defend the character of their hero, the Americans have been naturally very indignant at this imputation, and Major CHARLES J. BIDDLE, an eminent member of the above-named society, undertook to investigate the question, and to offer the results of his researches to the society. We are not, of course, surprised that these results are altogether favourable to the American hero; but we must in justice admit that we think that the evidence produced by Major BIDDLE would be sufficient to bring an English jury to the same way of thinking. There can be no doubt that ANDRÉ, "the amiable spy," as CHARLES LAMB called him, was engaged at the time of his capture in a manner which subjected him to death upon the gallows, by the international rules of warfare as practised between all civilised nations. His enterprise, if successful, would have been fatal to the American cause, and he attempted to accomplish it by fraud and treachery. He had been in communication with the arch-traitor ARNOLD, and bore upon his disguised person the documents with which that JUDAS had supplied him, and which would have sealed the fate of the Americans. Finally, he was caught within the American lines, an enemy in disguise, spying into their weakness and endeavouring to compass their destruction. These facts being proved, we do not see how any one can doubt for a moment, not only that he had justly incurred the penalty of being a spy, but that, under the circumstances, it was impossible for WASHINGTON to overlook the crime. At the same time, however, we cannot forbear, nor could even the Americans at the time forbear, a sigh of pity at the fate of poor ANDRÉ. He was young, brave, and rash—regarding the Americans as only rebels, he seems to have cheated himself into the belief that they were not entitled to be treated like ordinary enemies; consequently, he believed that any stratagem was fair that could bring about their destruction. His loyalty to his King was undoubted, and that he was brave to chivalry is clear from the manner in which he risked his life upon so perilous an enterprise. Moreover, we have always considered that his life was sacrificed to save that of a knave. If every one had had their due, the traitor ARNOLD would have been given up, and then the Americans would have let ANDRÉ go free. As it was, however, WASHINGTON had no alternative; the prisoner was regularly tried before a proper tribunal, and received the fate which he had incurred. Lord MAHON owes to the memory of the great American patriot the reparation of an apology, or else he owes to his own fame as an historian a refutation of the facts upon which the Americans rely.

The correspondents of the American press have lately been distinguishing themselves not a little by their lucubrations upon English literature and the English literati. Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR during a visit to this country has supplied the *New York Tribune* with some very curious communications during his stay here, which are now finding their way back to these shores, greatly to the amusement of the persons treated of. A correspondent of the *New York Times* has also communicated some curious information respecting the rise of cheap literature in this country. The originators, says he, were "Mr. JOHN BELL and Mr. COOKE, both of Paternoster-row;" and then (unable to refrain from a personality to some living man) he flies off *à propos de bottes* to the learned editor of the *British Poets*. "The modern BELL (says this elegant commentator) is named ROBERT, and (to use a masonic phrase) 'hails from the West,' being a genuine Emerald, lofty in stature, broad across the shoulders as Paddy Carey himself, luxuriating in a brogue so thick that a man might almost cut it with an oyster-knife, and with an open countenance radiant and ruddy with the tints of thousands of bottles of port and myriads of whiskey-punches." "Mr. BELL," continues the Yankee BOSWELL, "is a highly accomplished gentleman, master of many languages, and, though a *bon vivant*, never descended to offer fish for sale, in the public streets, on the Sabbath morning. He pays his debts also." Finally, he winds up with a burst of fiction and fact which will prove both astonishing and amusing to the persons who have the honour to be mentioned:—

Already there is a break in the Amateur Company, though less than might be anticipated in fast (some

of them very fast) London men. Douglas Jerrold has "shuffled off this mortal coil;" and R. H. Horne, who published his epic poem, "Orion," for one farthing, is now in New South Wales, making (and saving) money for the first time in his life. For the rest, Dickens is reposing after partaking of the marriage festivities of "Little Dorrit;" John Forster sticks to the *Examiner*, though a rich man now, with his 1000*l.* a-year Lunacy Commissioner's Secretaryship, and the 50,000*l.* which he obtained when he married the yet blooming widow of Mr. Colburn the publisher. Wilkie Collins has become one of the most successful of novelists. Frank Stone, the artist, has risen to be A. R. A. Dudley Costello continues to write stories, unreadably interlarded with bad French. Mark Lemon is not only editor of *Punch*, but secretary-extraordinary to Herbert Ingram, member of Parliament for Boston, proprietor of the *London Illustrated News*, and of the quack medicine known as "Parr's Life Pills" (it would have been just as easy to call them "Methusalem's Own"). Peter Cunningham is managing the Manchester Exhibition—a great pecuniary failure, by the way. Westland Marston, eschewing further flirtation with "The Patrician's Daughter," is co-editor of a joint-stock company's weekly magazine. Augustus Egg has risen to the rank of Royal Academician. John Tenniel fills (as well as he can) Richard Doyle's place on *Punch*. Charles Knight, the author-publisher, is taking people's lives in the biographical volumes of his "English Cyclopædia." And F. W. Topham is engaged, as usual, in the "general utility" line in private society.

The *American Publishers' Circular*, in making some announcements to its readers lately, took occasion to state that Mr. S. C. HALL was about to visit the States for the purpose of delivering some lectures. This we believe to be quite apocryphal; but appended to it was a graceful allusion to a fact which the *American* journalist pretended to have discovered, that Mr. S. C. HALL is "the original of DICKENS'S *Pecksniff*," and a suggestion that, if Mr. HALL wanted his lectures to draw, he should advertise himself as "the original *Pecksniff*."

The peculiar notions respecting the liberty of the press which prevail in France, have received a curious illustration in the action lately brought before the Civil Tribunal of Paris against M. PERROTIN, publisher of the "Mémoires de M. A. Duc de Raguse." The action was brought at the instance of the representatives of the late EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS; and the complaint was that in his memoirs MARMONT had preferred an accusation against the said EUGÈNE—that he had disobeyed the Emperor NAPOLEON in refraining from bringing up the army of Italy to his assistance in 1813, and had consequently been guilty of something very like treason. The result of the trial has been against PERROTIN; the tribunal condemns him in costs, and imposes upon him the necessity of contravening in the next volume the statements which he made in the last. To realise the matter to an English mind, let us suppose a Scotchman bringing an action against HUME and SMOLLETT for accusing his nation of having sold King CHARLES the First to the Long Parliament.

We willingly give the same prominence to Mr. J. BLACKWOOD's explanation which we did to the letter of "A Bookseller" inserted in our last impression. Mr. BLACKWOOD's denial, both on his own behalf and that of Mr. COLE, is clear and straightforward; and it remains for "A Bookseller" to prove his case by citing parallel passages in the two publications. With reference to our own part in the matter, we can only repeat that there is "plainly a gross fraud;" but whether on the part of "A Bookseller" or the author of "Lorimer Littlegood," remains to be proved.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Paternoster-row, 12th August, 1857.

SIR,—My attention has just been called to a letter in *THE CRITIC* of August 1st, and signed by "A Bookseller," in which the authenticity of a tale, entitled "Lorimer Littlegood, Esq., a Young Gentleman who wished to see Society, and saw it accordingly," and now in course of publication in monthly parts, is called in question.

Alfred W. Cole is not in England at present, and therefore cannot answer for himself; but that he is the author there can be no doubt whatever.

The first few chapters appeared in a London Magazine some short time ago, but the tale was not completed by Mr. Cole in that periodical; the reprint portion and the remainder of the manuscript (not yet published here or anywhere else) were placed in my hands by Mr. Cowley, a friend of Mr. Coles, for the purpose of being published in a complete form.

I am at a loss to conceive how you could apply the words "plainly a very gross fraud" to Mr. Cole or myself on such an *ex parte* statement. Any one might have conjectured that I could not reprint an American book (supposing it to be such) and put Alfred W. Cole's name to it, nor yet could I publish

a book of Smedley's, suppressing his name, and substituting that of Alfred W. Cole's. Besides, the magazine already referred to gave the author's name (Alfred W. Cole) on the heading of every chapter that appeared there.

I must therefore request the publication of this letter, and the withdrawal of the very prejudicial charge.—I am, Sir, yours, &c., JAMES BLACKWOOD.

The Rev. THOMAS HUGO also has something to complain of, in our reporter's account of the meeting lately held in the Tower of London by the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Pardon me for drawing your attention to two errors in your report of my paper at the late meeting of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society on Tower-green. I am made to say, first, that "the dates not only of the Tower, but of all other old buildings in the country, are very uncertain, being for the most part rather based upon vague tradition than direct evidence;" and, secondly, that "it is a fact perfectly well known that all the old castles in this country were built by Julius Cæsar, and were destroyed by Oliver Cromwell."

So far from advancing these extraordinary positions, I most emphatically deny and repudiate them. I gave at the meeting in question a minute account of the erection of the Great White Tower, and affixed a definite age to it, and to the other existing portions of the ancient fortress—a matter, as you are yourself aware, of very little difficulty. While as regards Julius Cæsar and Oliver Cromwell, their names were mentioned only in connection with the foolish and "vague traditions" which our populace loves to associate with old edifices in general—traditions, the absurdity of which is oftentimes, as in the present instance, as excessive as the assurance with which they are advanced.

Although nine tenths of the company endured "the direct sweltering" of the July sun, in order to hear what I had to present to them, your reporter seems to have been one of the few who retired beneath the shadow of the trees, and by so doing to have fallen into the errors to which I have adverted.

Accept, however, my cordial thanks for the very kind notice which you have been pleased to take of our young society.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

57, Bishopsgate-street Within, THOMAS HUGO.

Aug. 3, 1857.

In reply to this, we have only to direct Mr. HUGO's attention to the fact, that our reporter did not pretend to have heard his lecture. "From what we could hear," is the expression made use of; and, really, what with the injudicious selection of the place for the delivery of his lecture, and the dense crowd of ladies which immediately surrounded Mr. HUGO, the reporter found it difficult to catch more than a few disconnected phrases here and there. In vain the reporter attempted to pierce the serried ranks of crinoline which closely environed Mr. HUGO, in order to catch his words a little more distinctly; and it was only after several failures that he joined the one-half (not one-tenth) of the assembly, which had retired to the trees, and among whom there were many who complained of the impossibility of hearing Mr. HUGO. That the throng which surrounded Mr. HUGO appeared to be "nine tenths of the company" is not surprising; and perhaps, so far as bulk is concerned, the calculation is an accurate one. Ladies take up so much room nowadays, that a very little of them goes a long way; and Mr. HUGO is, perhaps, not the first of his cloth who has mistaken a handful of ladies for a great congregation. As for the phrase complained of, Mr. HUGO admits that he used it, but objects to the application. The reporter was not so silly as to suppose that Mr. HUGO gravely applied it to the authentic facts respecting the building of parts of the Tower, which are perfectly well known, but to those "vague traditions" which the Tower shares with many other venerable buildings in the country.

The obituary of the fortnight includes some names of high importance in the literary world, among which two stand especially conspicuous; we refer to those of JOHN WILSON CROKER in England, and EUGÈNE SUE in France. The former has been known among us for a long series of years as one of the most industrious of compilers, and the very bitterest of reviewers. Fortunately for Mr. CROKER, he lived so long that he survived most of the enemies which his long career of literary warfare aroused against him; yet there are some who have still remained to heap anything but flowers upon his tomb. His biographer in the *Daily News* designates him as "the wickedest of reviewers; that is, as the author of the foul and false political articles in the *Quarterly Review*, which stand out as the disgrace of the periodical literature of our time." This is harsh, and, unless it can be shown that Mr. CROKER wrote otherwise

than from his honest conviction, is unjust. Nowadays it is getting too much the habit to speak well of everybody. It is such an age of mediocrities that every man is afraid of attacking the shortcomings of his neighbour, lest he get a shower of stones hurled back at his own glass roof. Consequently, every goose is a swan, every witting a "man of mark." It was against this system of mutual flattery that JOHN WILSON CROKER especially revolted, and which he did his best to put an end to. He called things by their right names, and when he thought a book was bad he not only said so, but he proved it. It was his uncompromising love of truth that procured for him his bitterest enemies. When he proved that FANNY BURNEY was older than she said she was, he was assailed as if he had committed some crime, and yet he had only exposed a very impudent attempt to impose upon the credulity of the public. "Croker," said one of his bitterest enemies, "is a man who would go a hundred miles through sleet and snow, on the top of a coach, on a December night, to search a parish register, for the sake of showing that a man is illegitimate." But this, instead of being a reproach, should tell to his credit; for it was tantamount to saying that he would endure both pain and labour for the sake of the truth. So Roman was he in his appreciation of the duties of a critic, that he sternly refused to allow the intimacies of private life to interfere with his public duty, and this was the most fruitful cause of the enmities which arose against him. People thought that by asking him to their houses, or having him to dinner, they had purchased a perpetual impunity for any literary or political follies that they might thereafter commit; and when they discovered their mistake their disappointment took the form of accusing Mr. CROKER of bad faith. Hence the piteous lamentations of Lord JOHN RUSSELL when CROKER laid bare the littleness of MOORE'S character and the too obvious proportion between the biographer and his subject; hence Sir WALTER SCOTT'S complaints about the usage which the "Malagrowth Papers" received from the same unsparing hand; hence, too, the violent and unmeasured attacks with which Mr. CROKER was visited for his very just appreciation of the character of Sir ROBERT PEEL in the *Quarterly Review*. In spite, however, of all that has been said against him, we believe JOHN WILSON CROKER to have been an honest, if a severe critic, and to have been utterly undeserving of the caricature which Mr. DISRAELI drew of him under the form of "MR. RIGBY." The leading facts of his life are briefly these:—His father was Surveyor-General of Ireland, and he was born in Galway in the year 1780. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the Bar in 1802. In 1807 he went to Parliament as member for Downpatrick, and two years afterwards became Secretary for the Admiralty—a post which he held for twenty-one years. He was one of the founders of the *Quarterly Review*, the first number of which appeared in 1809, and he continued to write in it, more or less, during the remainder of his life.

Of EUGÈNE SUE we hope to lay before our readers in our next impression a more digested and more accurate account than has yet appeared in the English press. For the present, we must content ourselves with avowing our belief that his character is but little understood in this country; and when we remember that he is principally known here through the medium of a number of bad translations of some of his worst novels, this is not wonderful.

L.

THE PARIS CLAUQUE.—The *claque* is a very funny institution in the Paris theatres. I attended the first night of a new piece at the Gymnase. The first act dragged a little, but towards the end of it a few people laughed. The chief of the *claque* then led off, and the applause followed in a little circle like the fire of musketry, ceasing as suddenly as it commenced. The public rarely joins the *claque*; but if you go to the opera late some night you will find the proscenium boxes filled with well-dressed men, with dull eyes, parchment complexions, and very little hair on the top of their heads. These are *lires*—men who have seen everything, done everything, drank everything, eat everything, been everywhere, and don't care about anything. They applaud, occasionally, the first dancer in a languid manner, quite different from the brisk fire of the *claque*; and you shall see that the fair creature, in the pauses of her light fantastic arrangements, looks up at the boxes as much as to say that she remembers having seen some of these people somewhere before.—*Paris Letter*.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Autobiography of a Phrenologist. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1857.

THE world is becoming rich in the materials for a comprehensive history of human nature as founded on the inductive elements of individual physiology. Biography and autobiography have long been the order of the day in England; and the example which we borrowed from France something like a century since has been extended so widely, that it may be doubted whether at the present hour England be not richer in memoirs than even the sister country whence the custom has been copied. It is possible that a time is at hand when the memoir nuisance may be as insufferable as the testimonial nuisance, beneath which people are already bending. So far as there is foundation for the one or the other, it is clear that this country abounds in heroes or egotists. Living or dead, they hold themselves, or are held by admiring friends, up to the admiration of a world, which, even in its incredulity, is still attentive. Not only the *extinctus amabitur idem* applies, but the people listen to and marvel at the tale of living excellence. Does a pet clergyman or respectable schoolmaster do his duty—usually for a sufficient pecuniary consideration, among other reasons—forthwith an admiring parishioner or enthusiastic acolyte summons meetings, distributes circulars, and announces that on such a day the chair will be taken at seven p.m. precisely by the Most Noble the Marquis of Farintosh, and that several noble, learned, wealthy, or reverend gentlemen are expected to address the assembly, and point out the propriety of taking immediate steps for the temporal advantage as well as apotheosis of the *beneficiaire*. The process and proceedings are the same, whether the person whom the people delight to honour be a favourite and persecuted preacher, a successful or neglected statesman, a popular general, or even a Crimean suter. Success and failure, prosperity and adversity, are equally claims on the public consideration. The living get testimonials, the dead receive posthumous fame. Does a meritorious and somewhat puritanical young officer fall in the trenches before Sebastopol? Suddenly appears his life by the Rev. Blank Blank, and passes rapidly through numerous editions. As for the lives of the Rev. Blank Blanks themselves, by members of the same family, they stud the shops as thick as flies in spring. How good ought all to be when goodness has so profitable a sale.

Yet the weakness, if it be one, is harmless, or at worst useless and troublesome. The same may be said of the class of book which lies before us, although it possesses much of the *naïveté* and sincerity, and, therefore, much of the interest and usefulness, which give an abiding charm to autobiographies such as those of Franklin and Hutton. The story of an honest, worthy, and intelligent man who has risen from the mass and struggled up from destitution and its inseparable incidents of friendlessness and ignorance to respectability, competency, and more than average enlightenment, by the sheer and innate force of moral and mental strength of character, is a story which none can regard without sympathy, nor read without interest. Let such a story be told in a plain, honest, earnest, and unaffected style, with some little attention to the retrenchments which in all such stories require to be applied to the exuberances and excrescences of egotism; and we will back its circulation, even in our day of morbid craving, against the best novel that issues during the season from the desk of the most popular author.

The book before us is not quite up to this standard, but in many parts it does not fall below it; and on the whole it may be read with much interest and some profit. It is the history of a man who was born towards the close of the last century, of poor parents, and was by them left an orphan at an early age. By an uncle he was placed in King Charles's School at Westminster, where he passed through the brutalities of the fagging system as it existed fifty years since. His attention, even at this early time, seems to have been directed to the science which he adopted as his favourite study in mature life; and he relates a story belonging to this period

of so curious a nature that, without vouching for its accuracy, we epitomise it as the statement of a very respectable witness. Two brothers, at the same school, both children, were remarkable for their fraternal affection. They were miserable when separated, and unbouedly happy in each other's company. It was a charming sight to see this pair of pretty children exchanging innocent caresses, and ever loving and lovely when together. Suddenly, a marvellous change took place. The elder brother, who till then had only displayed his seniority by protecting and sacrificing his own tastes to those of his younger brother, began to show a singular antipathy towards him; and this antipathy soon took the form of blows, and even attempts at assassination. No cause of offence could be discovered, nor could the elder brother when questioned allege any; but stated that he felt urged by an irresistible impulse. Still he showed no other symptoms of insanity. "On every topic but one he was reasonable, but torpid. It was only at the sight of his brother or the sound of his name that he was roused to madness." As the boy grew up he evinced a singular fancy for a lady of forty, the mother of five children. At length he passed into the hands of a craniologist, who on examining the skull found a specula of bone piercing into the brain. The obstruction was removed. The young man soon recovered his early attachment for his brother, and lost at the same time his morbid attachment to the lady. The injury to the skull had been caused by the blow of an usher's ruler at school.

On leaving school the author became the apprentice of a worker in ivory; but found the bondage so oppressive, and his master's treatment so harsh, that he soon broke his indentures, and began a kind of itinerant life, something like that which Gil Blas underwent. His account of this portion of his life has much that is amusing and even instructive, and nothing that is offensive or objectionable. His early religious discipline, while it led him into the mystical walk of the Swedenborgians, preserved him from the ordinary temptations and errors of young men. For some time he served as a menial in the families of some persons who appear to have been of very questionable rank; and then, on learning the death of his first master and that he was free from the terrors of his broken indentures, he passed through a second apprenticeship with a brother as a printer, and thenceforward, after an early marriage, appears to have divided his life between his practice in this profession, and a very exemplary career as a teacher on the Pestalozzian system, and a preacher of the Swedenborgian doctrines. He thus describes the former system.

It may be here expedient to say a few words upon the plans of Pestalozzi, on whose system I modelled my school. It was the aim of Pestalozzi to combine the powers of the understanding with the will—of thought with affection—and to bring them both into actual existence in the life. Hence, his system is one of faith and love, or, in other words, he united the cultivation of heart and understanding with the labour of the hand. His motto in education was—*Heart, Head, and Hand*. Science he called in as an auxiliary. He contended that what was done for the head alone destroyed the heart; but what was done for the head, through the instrumentality of the heart, preserved both. Thus he laid the foundation of his system on the apostolic plan of love, the greatest of all Christian principles. He first gained the affections of his pupils, and then he had the power to direct them without difficulty. I attempted to follow him in this.

His latter life has been spent in this manner at Bristol and in the northern parts of England; but his attention has long been devoted to the science of Gall and Spurzheim, and it is chiefly of commentaries on their discoveries, and on the science of phrenology, or rather craniology generally, that the second half of his book is composed. Many of his observations on these subjects are very acute, and we must allow some of them to speak for themselves.

The successive steps by which Dr. Gall proceeded in his discoveries, are particularly deserving of attention. He did not, as many have imagined, first dissect the brain, and pretend by that means to have discovered the seats of the mental powers. Neither did he, as others have conceived, first map out the skull into various compartments, and assign a faculty to each, according as his imagination led him to con-

ceive the place appropriate to the power. On the contrary, he first observed a concomitance between particular talents and dispositions and particular forms of the head; he next ascertained, by removal of the skull, that the figure and size of the brain are indicated by these external forms; and it was only after these facts were determined, and the brain was minutely dissected, that light was thrown upon its structure.

Although it is impossible to form a correct judgment of the particular character or disposition of a person from observing one organ, or one set of organs, yet a general idea may be formed by observing the contour of the whole head by attending to the following rules:—

1. A very small head is indicative of idiocy, partial or general.
2. A small head, formed in good proportion, indicates capacity for discharging ordinary duties, but incapacity for filling any commanding situation, from deficiency of power.
3. A narrow or oval head, elongated at the occipital region, will be found to indicate a warm, friendly, and affectionate disposition, as in the female.
4. A narrow head, elevated at the coronal surface, is indicative of a moral and benevolent character.
5. A head, round and narrow, is indicative of a quarrelsome and irascible disposition.
6. A head well developed in the forehead is indicative of an intellectual character.
7. A large head, developed in all its parts, is indicative of a mind of the highest order of genius.

The following anecdote of the author of the "Natural History of Selborne" is amusing, and reads like a bit of Fielding:

The Rev. Gilbert White used to say to neighbour Barbo—"Never marry for a fortune. There is Dame——scolding her husband, as I passed the cottage, because she brought him a dowry. 'You good-for-nothing fellow,' she said, 'what would you have been had I not married you? whose was the baking kiver, whose the pig trough, whose the frying-pan and iron-booped bucket; whose, but mine, when you married me, you good-for-nothing fellow!' O neighbour, neighbour!" repeated the old naturalist, "never marry for wealth."

In conclusion, and allowing as a drawback for some trashy matter and irrelevant gossip, or amiable egotism, we may safely recommend this book as at once interesting, original, and instructive. A better educated man would have written a far more polished and judicious book; but the honest, earnest, and natural raciness of the present author is, we think, an ample compensation for the absence of a classical purism, which is mostly as artificial and insipid as it is correct and fastidious, and which therefore is usually as empty in substance as it is complete in form.

A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847: comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that Period. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longmans. 1857.

WE are very glad to welcome these concluding volumes of Mr. Raikes's amusing journal. Pleasant, chatty, inconsequent, and rambling, like the talk of a veteran *conteur*, this collection of anecdotes is one of the most readable and most inartificial books of its kind that exists. Some of the stories are old, and the occasional reflections with which they are served up may be sometimes trite and pragmatical; but there is certainly enough of fresh material to make the fortunes of a hundred story-tellers; and future historians, memoir-writers, and biographers, when dealing with the good old times of George the Fourth and the Third William will eagerly search the pages of Mr. Raikes for special matter wherewithal to flavour their compositions.

Following the plan which we adopted in noticing the two former volumes of the *Journal* we merely turn over the pages, and select such traits as may seem especially new and interesting. The period at which the third volume begins is the beginning of 1836, and Mr. Raikes is residing at Paris, enjoying the society of Talleyrand and the Count Montond, of which two worthies admirable pen-and-ink sketches by D'Orsay are prefixed to the volumes. Louis-Philippe had then been six years upon the throne, and Mr. Raikes had many opportunities of enriching his journal with instructive jottings respecting that *bourgeois* Government. "A smile," says he, "is created by the inconsistent attempt of courting popularity for the present reign, by connecting it with that of Napoleon. A medal is struck to commemo-

rate the opening of the *Arc de Triomphe*, on which the profiles of Napoleon and Louis-Philippe appear together." Here is a curious scene from the interior of the French Royal family:

Prince Paul of Wirtemberg told me that a serious dispute had occurred at dinner at Neuilly, between the King of Naples and the Duke of Orleans, on the subject of the Duchess of Berry: words ran so high that the King was going to rise from table and retire, when Louis-Philippe ordered his son to leave the room, and go to his own apartment; the next day he was sent to the camp at Compeigne.

The character of the Citizen King does not appear to be very admirable as photographed by Mr. Raikes:

Louis-Philippe has received Sir R. Peel with great apparent confidence, and has professed Tory principles to him with as much sincerity as he professed Radical principles to Edward Ellice. His maxim is to sympathise with all. He listens with approbation to every sentiment and opinion, while his actions are suited only to his own immediate interests.

As a pendant to the portrait, we hit upon the following *silhouette* of our own most gracious Majesty King George IV.:

In the latter days of his reign, and before his health had rendered it necessary, he very seldom went out, even in his favourite low phaeton and ponies, at Windsor; his more general habit was to remain in his *robe de chambre* all the morning, never dress till the hour of dinner. In this *dishabille* he received his ministers, inspected the arrangement of all the curiosities which now adorn the gallery in the Castle, amused himself with mimicking Jack Radford, the stud groom, who came to receive orders, or lectured Davison, the tailor, on the cut of the last new coat. His dress was an object of the greatest attention to the last; and, incredible as it may appear, I have been told by those about him, and by Bachelor, who, on the death of the Duke of York, entered his service as *valet de chambre*, that a plain coat, from its repeated alterations, would often cost 300*l.* before it met his approbation.

Further on we come upon an anecdote rather creditable to Brummell, once the dandy King's bosom friend, but who was afterwards "whistled down the wind" with princely generosity.

During the height of Brummell's prosperity, I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Watier's, and finding the Macao table full, one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was never in the habit of play, but, having dined freely, had dropped into the Club, and was trying to catch the smiles of fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place, and go shares in his deal; and, adding to the 10*l.* in counters which Tom had before him 200*l.* for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won 1500*l.* He then stopped, made a fair division, and, giving 750*l.* to Sheridan, said to him: "There, Tom, go home and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again."

Among other gossiping reminiscences Mr. Raikes takes advantage of a letter announcing the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert to record some recollections of that lady.

31st March 1837.—I received a letter from Yarmouth, who is in London, which mentions the death of the Marquis of Bath of dropsy, and that of Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose loss will be regretted by all who knew her. She was eighty-one years old, and her health was so generally good that she had projected a journey to Paris in May next. She retained even in her old age the traces of her former beauty, and her manners were singularly amiable and unaffected. Though married privately to George IV., and bearing always the most unsullied reputation, her life during his reign was one continued scene of trial and disappointment. During the commencement of her union, and while the attachment of that fickle Prince still existed, few were the happy hours that she could number, even at that period. He was young, impetuous, and boisterous in his character, and very much addicted to the pleasures of the table. It was the fashion in those days to drink very hard, and Mrs. Fitzherbert never retired to rest till her royal spouse came home. But I have heard the late Duke of York say that often, when she heard the Prince and his drunken companions on the staircase, she would seek refuge from their presence even under the sofa, when the Prince, finding the drawing-room deserted, would draw his sword in joke, and, searching about the room, would at last draw forth the trembling victim from her place of concealment.

So much for the private habits of a civilised monarch. Mr. Raikes, upon the authority of a French officer, gives the following account of the Emir Abd-el-Kader:

He describes that chief as not more than twenty-eight years old, and scarcely five feet high, with an agreeable countenance, small feet, and beautiful hands, which he preserves with coquetry, and of which, like Napoleon, he is remarkably proud. "Il

est toujours à les laver; tout en causant accroupi sur ses carreaux, il tient les doigts de ses pieds entre les doigts de ses mains, et lorsque cette posture le fatigue, il se met à rognier, à déchausser ses ongles avec un canif-ciseau, dont le manche en nacre est finement travaillé, et qu'il a constamment dans les mains." He affects great simplicity in his dress, but his linen is remarkably fine.

Under the date of Friday, the 23d of June 1837, is an entry recording the death of William IV. and the accession of her present most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria:

William IV. died at Windsor on Tuesday morning at a quarter past two o'clock, and Queen Victoria was proclaimed on the following day. The Duke of Cumberland succeeds to the throne of Hanover, as Ernest I.; and the papers say that as he passed through the Green Park on the day of his brother's death, he was hissed by the populace. The Whigs and Radicals hail this new accession to the English throne as an earnest of their triumphs. Among the foremost in the crowd to cheer the proclamation of the Queen was Mr. O'Connell.

A few days afterwards Mr. Raikes notes the back-stair rumours which have reached him as to coming political changes. Some of these prove that even "the best authority" (and who can doubt that by his friends Mr. Raikes was so described?) is occasionally as much at fault as the humblest outsider. "Lord Palmerston," we are told, "is to be removed to the Peers"—a prediction not yet verified.

A few days after her accession, the Queen sent for Lord Albemarle, the Master of the Horse, and said to him, "My Lord, you will immediately provide for me six chargers to review my troops."

Presently there is a rumour that Lord Melbourne's ministry is showing symptoms of Conservatism. "The mystery," says Mr. Raikes, "now is explained. They would have destroyed all the institutions of the country to keep themselves in place; but, finding themselves unexpectedly established beyond their hopes, they are just as anxious to preserve the welfare of their country, because it becomes identified with their own interests." Mr. Raikes now begins to prick up his Conservative ears; and no doubt bright visions of that place for which he had so long wished and waited, but which never came at last, presented themselves to his enraptured vision. "The accounts of the elections in the counties (writes the sanguine old Tory) are favourable to the Conservatives; and as a further proof of the decline of Radical feeling, old Joseph Hume has been turned out of Middlesex."

On the 17th of May 1838 the celebrated Prince Talleyrand died, and the journal of Mr. Raikes (who was occasionally thrown into the society of that extraordinary man) contains some curious entries bearing upon that event.

It would seem that the priest, who arrived on Tuesday morning, was sent for privately by Mlle. Pauline Perigord, the daughter of Mme. de Dino, but the dying man would have no communication with him, and refused the consolations of religion. The priest, therefore, took up his post in the ante-room, awaiting a favourable turn in his sentiments. Last night the Duc de Poix, and others of his relations, represented to the Prince the scandal which would result to his family if he persisted in his resolutions, and that his corpse would be debarred by the clergy from Christian funeral. After some consideration, for he enjoyed his senses to the very last, he refused their overtures for that night, but fixed the hour of five o'clock this morning for his compliance with their wishes. At the appointed time he received the Abbé Dupamphy and other friends, in whose presence he made confession and a formal recantation of his errors; after which he received the Holy Sacrament. He undersigned two letters, one to the Pope, the other to the Archbishop of Paris, professing his faith. His recantation was read aloud to the company by Madame de Dino. . . . The end of M. de Talleyrand was not only attended with great pain, but the wound in his back, which had spread down his hip, prevented his lying down, or even keeping a reclining posture. He sat on the side of his bed for the last forty-eight hours, leaning forwards, and supported by two servants, who were relieved every two hours. It was, in miniature, the scene of the death of the old kings of France. He died in public. The library adjoining the Prince's bedroom, and from which it was only separated by a *parrière*, or curtain, was constantly filled with servants and dependents. Frequently one of them would draw back the curtain when unobserved, saying to those in attendance, "Voyons a-t-il signé? Est-il mort?"

A few details as to the magnificence of Talleyrand's establishment may not be uninteresting. In the kitchen, for example:

There were four *chefs*—the *rotisseur*, the *sauvier*, the *patissier*, and the *officier*—this latter superintending

the dessert, the ices, and the confitures. In all, there were ten men regularly employed in producing the Prince's dinner, which was not only exquisite in its kind, but also adapted to his state of health, comprising the essence of everything nutritious in the garb most light and digestible for an infirm stomach. The Prince was always a great eater, but only once a day, and generally tasted of every dish, following each mouthful with a sip of wine to humour the palate. The expense of his table was unlimited; his cook had *carte blanche*; and he often remarked, "Why does he not spend more?" He was an epicure in the widest sense of the term; and those who were about him have assured me that the talents of his cook had assisted more in the prolongation of his lengthy existence, than the skill of the physician who always attended him. It was the only regular table of the old school kept up in France: fortunes are so diminished, that none of the nobility could bear the expense; and the *parvenus* of the day, though rolling in wealth, have neither the taste nor the refinement necessary to form such an establishment.

In June 1838, Queen Victoria was crowned. The representative of France upon the occasion was Marshal Soult, of whom Mr. Raikes records:

Glengall writes to me that Soult was so much cheered, both in and out of the Abbey, that he was completely overcome. He has since publicly said, "C'est le plus beau jour de ma vie, il prouve que les Anglais pensent que j'ai toujours fait la guerre en loyal homme." When in the Abbey he seized the arm of his aide-de-camp, quite overpowered, and said, "Ah! vraiment, c'est un brave peuple." . . . There is only one voice about —'s conduct in bringing out his article in the *Quarterly Review* about Soult and the battle of Toulouse at this moment, in defiance of the Duke's wishes, and his impertinent rejection of the Duke's earnest request to him by letter not to do it.

It should be remembered that with good Mr. Raikes the wishes of "the Duke" (that is, of Wellington) were altogether law.

Under the date of May 1839 is some curious information respecting the intrigues in the English Court, especially that famous one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, which threw out Sir Robert Peel. Upon this notable squabble, a friend of Raikes's perorates (or rather parrotates) sententiously:

The court is not popular just now; the Hastings' story is a great drawback; but for that, I have no doubt, the public would sympathise with her. However, you will see the explanation, which will, I dare say, be very reserved and respectful to her. Anything is better than having the court brought into disrepute; but I must say this last event is a rude shock to our institutions.

The "Hastings' story" was, of course, the miserable calumny which killed Lady Flora Hastings. Under the date of the 7th of July 1839 we find the significant entry: "The papers announce the death of Lady Flora Hastings."

In the autumn of the year Mr. Raikes paid a visit to Italy, and that part of his journal which belongs to that period contains some curious jottings. Among others:

The King of Naples, though young, is weak both in mind and body. The priesthood here are ambitious, worldly, and dissolute in the extreme, like the members of the Court of Rome. The Pope is frequently intoxicated in his own palace; and, indeed, his outward appearance corroborates the imputation. Louis-Philippe, who has finesse enough in turning the failings of others to his own advantage, lately sent him, as a present, 1000 bottles of the best champagne, and as many of the best claret as could be procured in France, in order to secure his interest—rather a curious mode of propitiating a Pope.

In December he returns to Paris to make the following portentous entry in his diary:—"On Saturday the Queen announced to her Council at Buckingham House her intended marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg."

The fourth volume of the journal opens with the year 1840, and the celebrated murder committed by Madame Lafarge. This notorious personage, whose name before she married was Marie Capelle, was the grand-daughter of Erminie, the *protégée* and supposed daughter of Madame de Genlis. She had been in love with a certain Comte Charpentier, a young man of rank and fortune, but, finding it impossible to persuade him to marry her, she had been talked into a marriage with an iron manufacturer named Lafarge, a person "coarse in look and manners, of provincial accent and habits, and of mean intellect." Although apparently reconciled to this position, Madame Lafarge afterwards determined to murder her husband, and, after several attempts, succeeded in doing so by means of arsenic. Her trial (which lasted seventeen days) excited as much interest at the time as that

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which has more lately attracted the attention of the English and Scotch public, and it is impossible to avoid perceiving a striking relationship between the demeanour of the two persons accused of such similar crimes.

By the President's order, a door at the lower end of the hall was opened, and Marie Capelle advanced, escorted by four gens-d'armes; she walked with a firm step, and sat between her conductors upon the prisoner's bench. She was dressed in black from head to foot, and a veil of the same colour covered her head; and when the President ordered her to lift it up, she did so with a very firm movement, and, raising her head at the same time, she regarded the audience with perfect calmness. She was singularly pale, and her mouth was slightly contracted with a nervous twitching. Never was there such perfect cold-bloodedness. During the seventeen days which the trial lasted, Marie Capelle never changed her position upon the bench nor the expression of her countenance. Even at the moment when the Advocate-general apostrophised her brutally as a thief and a poisoner, and, turning towards her, exclaimed, "Yes, you are guilty, Marie Capelle," every eye was fixed upon her, and not one could discern the slightest motion in the muscles of her face. When the fœtid remains of her husband were brought into court and submitted to her for recognition, she raised her eyes towards her counsel, M. Paillet, and said, with a firm and disdainful tone, "Say that I recognise them all;" and then, turning to the other side, she delicately applied her handkerchief to her nose.

The fate of this miserable woman is soon told. The jury (impelled by the dislike to the punishment of death which prevails in France) found her "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances." She was sentenced to imprisonment for life; but, her health failing, she was liberated, and died shortly afterwards.

On the 7th of October 1840 Mr. Raikes made the following entry in his diary:

The sentence of Prince Louis Napoleon was delivered in the House of Peers yesterday. Perpetual imprisonment for him at Ham, twenty years' imprisonment to Montholon, and of different gradations to the others.

Eleven years after that date the House of Peers had ceased to exist, and the prisoner of Ham was plotting the *coup d'état* in his busy brain. During the same month a man named Darnetz made an attempt upon the life of the King, and some particulars are given which afford a curious insight into the workings of the French criminal law at the time:

Darnetz the regicide is at the Conciergerie, treated with every possible indulgence; nothing that he asks for is refused him; the Chancellor and the Grand Referendary visit him, and the people about him converse with him and are attentive to his wishes. This is called the process of kindness; and, if it fails to work upon the culprit, and produces no discovery of his plot or accomplices, recourse is then had to the process of reduction. He receives little or no nutriment, is frequently bled, never allowed to go to sleep, and his strength is sapped away by inches. If in this exhausted state he shows no sign, they make a third experiment with excitement. Wine and spirituous liquors are administered *bon gré mal gré*. He is kept in a state of constant intoxication, in hopes that his incoherent replies may give some clue to his secret thoughts.

In December 1840 the remains of Napoleon arrived from St. Helena, and were deposited in their final resting-place at the Invalides. Mr. Raikes was a witness of the spectacle:

At ten o'clock we went with Lord and Lady Granville to Lord Seaford's, who has a house in the Champs Elysées, from whence we had a full view of this interesting and really solemn scene, though there was an evident intention to give it more of a triumphant than of a funeral air. There was a long cavalcade of troops of all arms, followed by a few mourning coaches; and after those the led charger, covered with a black veil of crape, embroidered with bees. The immense funeral car, conveying the body, was carved, with figures supporting a canopy, and richly gilt; it was drawn by sixteen black horses, four abreast, covered with rich housings of cloth of gold, and led by grooms in the Emperor's livery, green and gold. The pall was held by Marshal Reggio, Marshal Molitor, Admiral Roussin, and General Bertrand. Then came the Prince de Joinville, with a body of seamen belonging to the Belle Poule, who had made the voyage to St. Helena, followed by Grenadiers of the Old Guard, Mamelukes, &c.; and after the car, a detachment of eighty-six non-commissioned officers of the different regiments of cavalry, each carrying an imperial standard, inscribed with the name of a department. Pots of fire were placed at intervals on each side of the avenue, the cold being intense; notwithstanding which, throngs of people clambering on to the trees and posts lined the road. It was really a grand sight, and such, if we consider all the circumstances, as was never seen before, or can be seen again. For myself, an unconcerned spectator, when the

car appeared, followed by the eagles veiled with crape, I felt the effect indescribable.

In the following passage, Mr. Raikes seems to have summed up the character of Louis-Philippe pretty accurately:

The King is occupied solely by two paramount objects—the preservation of peace, which with him is synonymous with the preservation of his throne, and the acquisition of money. In order to gain popularity, and gratify his vanity, he has been drawn into enormous expenses at Versailles, Fontainebleau, and other public works; the Civil List at this moment is forty millions in debt, and the next idea is how this incumbrance shall be paid off. Almost all his quarrels or separations with his ministers have arisen from this source; he has composed above fifty projects of private ways and means to fill his own coffers—appanages for children; exchanges of forest lands for others belonging to the Crown, which leave a benefit in his favour; the inspection of public works, which gives him a surplus on the grants; in short, an infinity of plans, rich with gleanings for himself, which are kept in his drawer, and immediately presented, one after the other, to every new minister, till he can gain his point.

Mr. Raikes also quotes the opinion of a M. Bengéot, "a very intelligent and agreeable man," in support of his own:

The primary object of Louis-Philippe is to gain money, and his accession to the throne is a mere commercial speculation. In other monarchies, the private property of the sovereign is blended with his royal appanage, to support the splendour and dignity of his crown; but Louis-Philippe was determined from the beginning to gain all he could, and give nothing in return. He was elected King of the French on the 7th of August; on the previous day he had made over by deed, drawn up by Dupin the lawyer, all his private property as Duke of Orleans, being five millions per annum, to his children, reserving the usufruct to himself; he enjoys the income of the Duc d'Aumale, gained from the Prince de Condé, till his majority; and his Civil List is from twelve to fourteen millions per annum. With these colossal means, the whole study of his life is to throw, by every manoeuvre, his own incidental expenses upon the shoulders of the nation.

In 1841, we find Mr. Raikes paying great attention to his own interests, which he was labouring hard to improve by the aid of Lord Alvanley and the access which he himself had to the Duke of Wellington. A place of some kind was his object; but in spite of fair words and fairer promises he never seems to have achieved the object of his ambition. Doubtless it was in answer to one of his applications that Lord Alvanley wrote:

"I wrote to the Duke to say that I had spoken to Aberdeen, and to beg him to support my application. I inclose his kind answer, which will give you pleasure."

London, Sept. 9, 1841.

"MY DEAR ALVANLEY,—You may rely upon it that I had not forgotten, and will not forget, Mr. Raikes.—Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON."

Here is an amusing entry as to the relations then subsisting between Sir Robert Peel and the Queen, who had not yet grown reconciled to the loss of the courtly Lord Melbourne.

I am glad to learn from the best authority that Sir R. Peel begins to feel that he is gradually gaining influence with the Queen; and her manner is certainly become far more gracious towards him than could have been expected from the untoward circumstances under which he has been presented to her notice. He describes her as endowed with considerable abilities, and not only in a wonderful manner become conversant with State affairs, but also as taking an all-absorbing interest in them. When a messenger's box is brought down to Windsor, her countenance, which is naturally serious, brightens up immediately. She reads all the dispatches, makes her comments, and is really so much engrossed by this one idea that she never enters into the light, gossiping conversation to which other young women are generally addicted. Peel, who at first felt naturally rather embarrassed with his young mistress, is now become more at his ease with her; and he has so much talent and tact that he soon finds a clue to her good opinion. He gained much ground with her by the adroit manner in which he offered to Prince Albert the Presidency of a new Society of Arts. He took care first, in a deferential manner, to consult Her Majesty's wishes on the subject, stating that the choice would be popular in the country; and she immediately embraced the idea with great eagerness. She ordered the young Princess to be brought down to him, and treated him with great affability.

In October 1841 Mr. Raikes paid a visit to England, and, finding men and manners greatly changed since the palmy days of the Regency, he indulges in a few reflections not very favourable to the state of things then around him.

"The change in society," says he, "has become very apparent within the last few years. It was called, and perhaps justly, in my time, dissipated; but the leaders were men of sense and talent, with polished manners, and generally high-minded feelings." The spectacle afforded by the poor disappointed old relic of the "polished" days of the Regency, wandering up St. James's-street, and sighing after the past glories of White's, Boodle's, and Crocky's, must have been very melancholy. "Steam," says the old gentleman in despair, "has here dissolved the exclusive system, and seems to have substituted the love of wealth for both the love of amusement and of social distinction." Yet it was of this manner of man that the Duke of Wellington's following was chiefly composed. One little incident, which seems especially to have wounded the Conservative feelings of Mr. Raikes, is too good to be passed over in silence.

When I was dining to-day in the coffee-room at White's with Lord George Bentinck, a good-looking young man came in, and, after conversing with him for a little while, sat down to dinner between us. When he went away, I asked Lord George who he was; he said, Prince George of Cambridge. This is a very *à propos* instance of the change of manners in the present day; for, though Lord George certainly stood up to speak to him on his entrance, I saw no one else observe the least etiquette towards royalty.

Mr. Raikes's visit to London seems to have combined business with pleasure, and we consequently find him paying very assiduous court at Apsley House. The ingenuity of the Duke seems to have been hardly taxed in disposing of this troublesome customer. No one could have known better than he the absolute impossibility that such a person could be of any use in the public service, and the stern old soldier had a rooted objection to jobs. In vain, then, did Mr. Raikes suggest the revival of extinct offices for his own special benefit; the Duke put him off with fair words, and the place-hunter got little by his motion. "His kindness," writes poor Mr. Raikes one day, in dolorous mood, "was very great. He talked over my position and capacities for office in the most flattering way; and though, under present circumstance, it may not be possible for this Government to revive the consul-generalship in Paris, he has another plan in view for me, on which he means to talk to Aberdeen." Shortly afterwards we find: "A few lines from the Duke prove to me that there is not much consideration paid by Lord Aberdeen to his wishes in my favour." Eventually Mr. Raikes had to return to Paris without the wished-for place. When he arrived there he found the family of Louis-Philippe in great consternation, caused by the sudden death of the Duc d'Orleans.

The Duc de Gramont told me this morning that, when Louis-Philippe was standing at the foot of the Duc d'Orleans's corpse, in the wine-house at Sablonville, while the Queen and all the family were leaning over it and weeping most bitterly, he appeared lost in stupor, and his countenance became quite rigid and fixed. Suddenly he looked round, and, seeing an orderly officer near, he beckoned him to advance, and whispered in his ear, "Avez-vous des troupes pour me garder?" The other said: "Non, sire!" He then added, in a hurried manner, "Où est donc Pajol? mais faites venir des gardes de suite;" and they instantly sent for troops from Courbevoie. The saying is: "Le Duc d'Orleans a dû son élévation au pavé, et là il a trouvé sa chute." From the nature of the wound (the back skull being split in the form of a cross) he could not have jumped out of the carriage, as was supposed. It was a very low phaeton; he got up to watch the postillion, and asked him if he had the command of his horses, who replied not quite, but he soon should. A sudden jerk then threw him backwards out of the carriage, and he fell upon his head. The brain was entirely smashed.

Among other loose gossip about Court people and Court matters, here is a characteristic anecdote of Queen Christina of Spain.

I believe that the wealth which Christina has brought away with her from Spain is not much overrated at the sum of 100 millions. There was no end to the spoil and robbery committed by her and Munoz during the last few years of their stay at Madrid: all the royal palaces were plundered of their most valuable furniture, and she has now in her possession twelve bottles of Madeira, which, instead of containing wine, as pretended, are filled with the finest precious stones, being part of the Crown jewels.

Whilst upon such golden topics, the following particulars of the fortune which the Prince de Joinville married, with his wife, the Princess of Brazil, may not be uninteresting.

She has a million of francs in ready money (40,000*l.*), 150,000 per annum (6000*l.*) in the Brazilian

6 per cent stock, an estate of twenty-five square leagues in the province of St. Catharina, which contains forests and mines. She has, besides, a private fortune of 25,000 fr. a year (1000*l.*); her diamonds are worth 200,000 fr. (8000*l.*), and the Emperor of Brazil has given her 300,000 for her *trousseau* (12,000*l.*)

Next year, Mr. Raikes paid another visit to England, and visited the Duke of Wellington at Walmer. Some good anecdotes from the mouth of the Duke himself are given.

He then talked of George IV. and his talent for imitation. He said, "When he sent for me to form a new administration in 1828, he was then seriously ill, though he would never allow it. I found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket and a turban night-cap, one as greasy as the other, for, notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private. The first words he said to me were, 'Arthur, the Cabinet is defunct'; and then he began to describe the manner in which the ministers had taken leave of him, on giving in their resignations. This was accompanied by the most ludicrous mimicry of the voice and manner of each individual, so strikingly like, that it was quite impossible to refrain from fits of laughter."

Another anecdote, told by the Duke, throws some light upon what must have been the battle of etiquette at our Court, when the husband of the Queen came to assert precedence above the blood royal:

This morning, at breakfast, the Duke said to me, "Did you hear what happened at the wedding?" meaning that of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Replying in the negative, he continued, "When we proceeded to the signatures, the King of Hanover was very anxious to sign before Prince Albert, and when the Queen approached the table, he placed himself by her side, watching his opportunity. She knew very well what he was about, and just as the Archbishop was giving her the pen, she suddenly dodged round the table, placed herself next to the Prince, then quickly took the pen from the Archbishop, signed, and gave it to Prince Albert, who also signed next, before it could be prevented."

With a few anecdotes of the Duke and his daily life at Walmer, we shall close our extracts from Mr. Raikes's volume:—

He always rises at six o'clock, and walks on the platform, then returns to his room to dress, which, as I have said, takes a very long time. He is remarkably neat in his appearance, always wearing a white waistcoat and trousers, under which is a good guard of fleecy hosiery against the cold; and a blue riding-coat in the morning. At ten o'clock he appears at breakfast; he seems to eat heartily, and makes messes of rusks and bread in his tea, never meat or eggs. He converses the whole time, then retires, saying, "Well, we shall dine at seven." He remains in his room, writing letters and despatches, and making notes, some rather dull and concise, on the different letters to be answered by his secretary in his name; and Greville's hand is become so like to his that few people can distinguish the difference. About two o'clock he generally gets on his horse, and gallops over the Downs, or, perhaps to Dover, where he is very active in attending to his business as Warden of the Cinque Ports. He seems to be worshipped all over the country, for he is very charitable, and always ready to do good to his neighbours. In a shop at Dover is to be seen, framed and glazed, a short note, which he once wrote to the owner, ordering fifty yards of flannel; it is kept as a precious relic. On his return, he walks again on the platform, till he enters to dress for dinner, at which he also eats with appetite, mixing meat, rice, and vegetables into a mess, which fills his plate; he drinks very little wine, and during the evening two decanters of iced water are placed by his side, which are generally empty when he goes to bed. When we were only men, he dressed in boots; but when there are ladies (and when only my daughter), always wears shoes, silk stockings, with his star and garter. He is exceedingly polite to all, and particularly attentive to women; he is *la vieille cour personifiée*.

A foolish woman in society once asked the Duke to give her an account of the Battle of Waterloo. "Oh," replied he, "it is very easily done. We pummelled them, they pummelled us, and I suppose we pummelled the hardest, so we gained the day."

And so we bid farewell to Mr. Raikes and his journal. The former is not a very remarkable man, nor the latter a very remarkable book; but both have their value nevertheless: Mr. Raikes as a specimen of the Tory commoner of bygone days, the man who hung on to the skirts of the aristocracy, and was by the vulgar confounded with them, through the sheer force of assiduous toadyism; the book, as a collection of anecdotes to which the historian, the biographer, and the memoir-writer may always resort with profit.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WHENEVER the right word has to be spoken at the right time, if we go to Archbishop Whately we are sure to hear it. We have said this, or something like it, before, and we have now another convincing proof of its truth lying before us in the Archbishop's latest charge. This is entitled *Instruction in the Scriptures, the Duty and the Mode of it, considered in a Charge delivered at the Visitations of the Dioceses of Dublin and Glandelagh and Kildare, in June 1857.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin (London: Parker and Son).—Dr. Whately, taking advantage of the discussion going on relative to a revised translation of the Scriptures, seeks to impress upon his clergy the importance of that solemn question in the Ordination Service, "Are you determined to instruct the people out of the Holy Scriptures?" Instruction in the Scriptures is what the people have a right to demand from every minister of the Church of England. It was because this instruction was withheld from them that the Church of England was so reformed as to become in a great measure the antagonist of the Church of Rome, which, instead of teaching from the Scriptures, had got to teach the people almost entirely from tradition. But there are various ways in which this Scripture teaching may be made still more effective among us than it has been hitherto; and it is to point out some of these that the Archbishop has taken up his pen. The two principal things that he recommends are—first, that the clergy should pay greater attention to the explaining of obsolete or nearly obsolete words, such as "Publican," "Lawyer," "Prevent," "Conversation," "Convenient," "Lively," "Passion," "Incomprehensible," and a great many others. And secondly,

We should remember that even if a version should be produced that should be not only altogether perfect, but also admitted by all to be perfect, this would not supersede the necessity of explanation. There are, indeed, passages which have now some obscurity, and which would be rendered perfectly clear by an altered rendering; but many would still need explanation. For, in any translation, of whatever book, it will often be important to point out that some words, different in the original, are rendered by the same in our language; and, *vice versa*, different translations of the same word will often be found. And this it will be desirable to point out to the reader, in order to convey to him more fully the force of the original.

In the latter category the writer instances the words "hell" and "priest;" and observes that—

One of the worst corruptions of Christianity—the converting of the Christian minister under the Gospel dispensation into a "sacrificing or sacerdotal priest" (answering to the Levitical)—is fostered by the ambiguity of a word. Throughout our English Bible "priest" is invariably the rendering of *Hiereus*, the sacrificing priest; while in the Prayer-book the same word invariably answers to *Presbyteros* (from which, indeed, it is formed) and which is in our Bible always rendered "elder."

But it is not merely these word explanations that have to be attended to.

In a book written in a distant age and country there will be many allusions to customs and to places, and to events, which were familiarly known even to the unlearned among the original readers, which can only be understood (and that sometimes but imperfectly) by diligent research. For these reasons, then, there must always be, under any circumstances, a need of explanations of Scripture to the people; and, as matters actually stand, a double need.

For the rest, Dr. Whately counsels his clergy to be diligent in reading the original text of the sacred Scriptures, and not to be deterred by the charge of pedantry from referring to the original in their explanations to the people; and, above all, never to attempt to represent our English version, or, indeed, any version, as perfect. With respect to the proposed revision of our translation, the Archbishop is in favour of it to a certain extent, while he deprecates any attempt to produce a new version. He would not have the language modernised, "except in those few instances where the partial obsolescence of certain words causes obscurity or mistake as to the sense." Nor would he have any "changes made respecting which there could be differences of opinion among persons entitled to respect. But some points there are," he adds, "on which it seems impossible that any doubt could (in the present day) exist, and in which, accordingly, changes might be introduced without offending or alarming any reasonable person; changes very

small indeed in amount and in absolute magnitude, but not of small advantage." Such an opinion coming from such a source will, we hope, be treated with the respect it properly deserves.

Natural theology and the Bible are discussed in *The Philosophy of the Bible; or, the Union between Philosophy and Faith.* By the Rev. J. WHYTE MAILLER, M.A. (Edinburgh: Hogg).—Writers on natural theology usually confine themselves to the inquiry into the existence and attributes of a Supreme Being. Mr. Mailler, however, is of opinion that the inquiry may be carried still further; and his "present endeavour is to advance the inquiry into the nature of the divine moral government and the doctrines of redemption, and to show that philosophy by argument may confirm these vital parts of the Christian religion in the same manner as it establishes those more general truths regarding the Divine Being." In accomplishing his task, Mr. Mailler shows considerable ability and a wide acquaintance with the labours of his predecessors. There are weak points in some of his arguments, neither will all his assertions bear sifting. Take, for instance, the following:

Mr. Foxton refers to men prepared to die, in attestation of their belief of the wildest superstition. This is a statement as wild as superstition itself, for the examples, asserted to be so numerous, of martyrdom for purely religious tenets, apart from civil interests, are not on record; and, except in the case of Christianity, no man was ever called on to seal his religious belief with his blood."

Surely our author must have been nodding when he penned this—or shall we remind him of such persons as Socrates and Hypatia, of the seven sons and their mother in the book of Maccabees, and more recently (although the juxta-position is rather startling) of Joe Smith and his brother—all of whom sealed their religious belief with their blood, without being Christians?

Christianity the Logic of Creation. By HENRY JAMES (London: White).—The author of this work quarrels with almost every one but Emanuel Swedenborg. He, and he only, according to Mr. James, understood the true bearing of revelation, or had any true insight into the spiritual world. What is called orthodox Christianity is only a dull, lifeless thing, in comparison with the truths propounded by the Swedish mystic. Even Proudhon meets with more favour at his hands than the people called *Evangelicals*. Of the latter he writes:

Evangelical religion, as it is called, *quasi lucus a non lucendo, mona a non moriendo*, is such a religion as is fitly piped by the east wind—a religion which cuts across the nerves of the soul like a knife, which chills all the best sympathies of the heart, and ends by freezing its followers stiff in the shallows of their own selfishness.

The following passage, however, will show how little Mr. James is himself to be trusted as a "Ductor perplexorum."

The mass of people believe that creation took place "once upon a time," somewhere in Asia probably, and was complete on the instant by the exertion of physical energy on the part of the Creator. They suppose that some six thousand years ago, more or less, man was effectively created, and that his entire subsequent history consequently has been little better than a vigorous and unaccountable kicking up of his heels in his Creator's face. The abject childishness of this conception fails to strike them only because the application of reason to sacred subjects has been so effectually discouraged by the clergy, that our popular intellectual stomach has grown indurated and ostrich-like, stowing away all manner of innutritious corkscrews, jack-knives, and rusty nails, which may be presented to it by its lawful purveyors, as if they were so much reasonable and delectable diet. Indeed, if you commit yourself to the orthodox conception of the Divine name, you have no right to denounce such a diet as unreasonable. A faith full of revolting difficulties is a logical necessity of the orthodox conscience.

We know a faith full of still more revolting difficulties—a faith in the absurd visions of Swedenborg, a faith professed by only a very small minority of the human family—so small that it would become its members to show at least some modesty in their pretensions; and we would therefore strongly advise Mr. James, when he next comes before the public, to show less arrogance, vulgarity, and irreverence, and more charity and common sense than are to be found in his present publication.

In religious biography we have *The Religion of the Heart, as exemplified in the Life and Writings of John Bowdler, late of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-Law.* Edited by his surviving brother, CHARLES BOWDLER (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black); and *Life of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A.*

By JOHN EADIE, D.D. (Edinburgh: Oliphant and Sons).—It is rather late to publish a biography of Mr. John Bowdler, who died as long ago as the year 1815; but, in fact, there was a memoir of him published some years ago, prefixed to his "Remains in prose and verse," and it is because that was felt to be very meagre and imperfect that his brother has put forth the present more extended notice of him. It is altogether, therefore, a labour of love and affection on the part of the editor—one likely to interest the still surviving friends of the deceased, but not calculated to occupy the attention of the general public. All that need be said of him here is that he was one of the lay leaders of what is called the Evangelical party—by some nick-named the "Clapham Sect;" and that he was a very amiable man and tolerable lawyer, with some slight pretensions to literature. It was not he, however—we must say it to his credit—that Bowdlerised Shakspeare. It was another member of the Bowdler family. The editor of the present work adopts the Evangelical views of John Bowdler, in contradistinction to those of his elder brother, who died last year—of whom we are told in a significant note, that "a commendatory notice of him as a High-Churchman has recently appeared in the Tractarian journals."

The new life of Dr. Kitto will tend still further to illustrate the character of that extraordinary man. It has not been published in any rivalry of the excellent publication by Mr. Ryland, but in concert with the publishers of that work—new materials having come to light, and the whole of Dr. Kitto's manuscripts having been confided to Dr. Eadie by the family of the deceased; thus supplying him with numerous new incidents, extracts, and illustrations of character. The best recommendation that we can give of the present work will be in the commencing words of the preface:—

How a brave spirit may not only conquer obstacles, but climb by means of them to unrivalled eminence and usefulness; how a mysterious Providence originated a hard and healthful discipline, and by it wrought out its own benignant purposes; how deafness, privations, and disappointments could not "choke the life from out" a tender and manly heart; how the love of literature fed itself amidst rags and wretchedness, and ultimately realised its boldest dreams; and what perseverance, armed with courage and leaning on faith, can achieve may be learned from the following biography.

Dr. Kitto, as most of our readers are aware, had intended to write his own memoirs—a project concerning which he wrote to a friend: "Perhaps there is sufficient of interest, I had almost said romance, in my past life, to render the narrative of it attractive to the many; and it will be my business to employ that attraction as I best can, for the glory of my master's name, and the real welfare of my readers." This design, however, was not executed. He died at the comparatively early age of fifty, but not without leaving behind him ample materials for conveying a record of his life; and of these Dr. Eadie has made so skilful a use, by allowing Kitto, whenever it is possible, to tell his own tale, that the present work comes before us with very much of the charm of an autobiography.

In connection with the life of Dr. Kitto, we may mention *The Land of Silence and the Land of Darkness*. By the Rev. B. G. JOHNS, Chaplain of the Blind School, St. George's Fields. (London: Longmans.)—This publication consists of two essays, reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, with considerable alterations and additions. It furnishes a vast deal of highly interesting information relative to our poor deaf and dumb, and blind fellow-creatures. One main object of the former of the two essays was to "show the advantage of teaching the deaf and dumb to rely as far as possible on what is termed 'reading from the lips,' as well as the cruelty and injustice of rendering their life of silent isolation more absolute and degraded by the sole use of mimic signs and gesticulations." That it is quite possible to teach this "reading from the lips," the author shows by a striking illustration, which it would be too long for us to introduce here. Of the condition of the blind, the author is still more competent to speak. There are thirty thousand such among the thirty millions of Queen Victoria's subjects; and whoever wishes to know something, upon good authority, relative to their statistics, idiosyncrasies, and the means taken for ameliorating their condition, will do well to consult Mr. Johns's little work. It is one that will interest not only the Christian philan-

thropist, but the general reader, since it abounds in anecdote and curious information.

Life in Israel; or, Portraits of Hebrew Character. By MARIA T. RICHARDS, Author of "Life in Judea." (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)—Is a series of tales, illustrative of Israelitish history, taken respectively from the Pilgrimage in the Wilderness, the reign of Solomon, and the Captivity. "It has been the object of the writer to supply parallel details of local and circumstantial character, which may serve to unfold some of the prominent eras of Biblical history, and to invest with a new interest the reading of the Bible. The characters employed are of three classes: those of sacred history, of profane history, and of imagination." This was an ambitious undertaking, but the authoress has come well out of it, having not only a lively imagination, but being skilled to profit by the researches of our best travellers and historians.

EDUCATION.

The Accidence of German Grammar. By Dr. H. STEINMETZ, Teacher of the German Language at Cheam School. London: Nutt. 1857.

EVEN in first-class schools the study of German has been hitherto unaccountably neglected. While children of tender years are taught to read French before they can fluently read English, the mysteries of German are usually reserved for a select number of the older pupils. At last, however, mammas on the Rhine and papas in the Oberland are beginning to discover that colloquial German is as indispensable as colloquial French. In literary wealth the two languages will not for a moment bear comparison; and, moreover, in the now universal study "of words," and of "English past and present," the knowledge of German is found to be as essential as that of Latin itself. Schoolmasters are at last slowly beginning to apprehend the existence of a growing popular appreciation of the noblest of modern languages; and, in consequence, the study of its rudiments is less exceptional, and is commenced at an earlier age than was the case a few years since. All hitherto-existing grammars are, however, adapted for pupils in their teens—they are abstract and analytical in form and structure, and are thus beyond the capacity of the very young, who, rapidly as they learn by instance and example, are hopelessly bewildered by those concise generalizations which are suited to the enlarged powers of adults.

In the little book before us, Dr. Steinmetz has ably supplied this want. He has copiously and judiciously illustrated by examples every phase of declension and conjugation. The combined declension of pronoun, adjective, and substantive, which puzzles so many who are otherwise fair German scholars, is here so clearly set forth, and so abundantly illustrated, as to remove all difficulty. In fine, we can confidently recommend this *Accidence* as better adapted to the wants of young children than any other we have yet met with.

A New and Complete Course, Theoretical and Practical, of strictly graduated Grammatical and Idiomatic Studies of the French Language. By AUGUSTE AIGRE DE CHARENTE. London: Longmans. 1857.

THIS is, perhaps, the best manual to put into the hands of a beginner, because it is the most complete. The student who has this needs not to provide himself with any other book until he has made very great progress in his studies; and it has also this advantage over all the elementary treatises which we have met with—it takes cognisance of those idioms in the English and French which we term Anglicisms and Gallicisms, teaching not only the precise meaning of the idiom, but how to render idiom into idiom. The work is divided into four parts—Pronunciation and Accidence, French and English Syntax Compared, Gallicisms and Anglicisms, and a Syntax of Construction. Compact in form, well digested and easy to use, we expect that this *Course* will be popular, especially among those candidates for Civil Service Examination who are seeking an easy and trustworthy guide into the French language.

SCIENCE.

Manual of Technical Analysis. By BENJAMIN H. PAUL. London: Bohn.

THIS volume, which has been added to Bohn's

"Scientific Library," is founded upon the well-known "Handbook of Art-Chemistry," by Dr. Bolley, adapted to the present state of knowledge and to English requirements by Dr. Paul, late principal assistant at Mr. Graham's Chemical Laboratories. It is a practical book, describing the various processes most minutely, and must be invaluable to all who are engaged in chemical analysis, whether professionally or as amateurs. The text is illustrated by woodcuts.

How to Work with the Microscope: a Course of Lectures. By LIONEL L. BEALE. London: Churchill.

THESE lectures are valuable, because they are thoroughly practical. They minutely describe in familiar language the uses of the microscope, and how to use it. To the instructions are appended a series of Tables for practising the glass and manipulation, in which the rules explained at length in the lectures are stated briefly, and a list of the apparatus required in microscopical investigation.

The Natural History of Pliny. Translated by JOHN BOSTOCK and H. T. RILEY. Vol. VI. London: Bohn.

THIS completes the translation of Pliny's *Natural History* for Bohn's "Classical Library," in six volumes.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in the Free States of Central America, Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador. By Dr. CARL SCHERZER. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

Victoria and the Australian Gold Mines in 1857; with Notes on the Overland Route from Australia, via Suez. By WM. WESTGARTH. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

It seems that Dr. Scherzer and Dr. Moritz Wagner travelled together through Central America; but the latter, being the most scientific man of the two, it was thought best that he should devote himself entirely to the learned parts of the subject, and produce them as a separate work, leaving to his companion the more popular business of relating their adventures. Dr. Scherzer states that his object has been, in addition to a faithful account of what he saw, to point out the advantages offered to emigrants by the magnificent countries he traversed, and to tempt the poorer class of his countrymen to resort thither, with the sure prospect of a rude abundance. His route lay through Nicaragua, Tegucigalpa, the Silver Mines, and the Honduras, including Comayagua, Gracias a Dios, and Toluca, San Salvador, and Guatemala.

Like most Germans, Dr. Scherzer is extremely laborious in the collection of facts. He is not content with merely using his eyes; wherever he goes he makes eager inquiries from all who can give him information, and he spares no pains to verify the information so gathered. We shall select for the amusement of our readers, and for exhibiting the author's best manner, some of the less learned passages.

At Gracias a Dios he met

A PROCESSION.

Before my departure from Gracias, I saw a curious procession. It seems the custom prevails here, when a priest administers the last sacrament to a dying man, for the whole population to accompany it in solemn procession, with burning tapers and loud prayers. Even the night before, I had noticed an uncommon excitement about the place. The women were looking out their finest clothes, the men such as were least dirty, and wherever you went you heard talk of the *Viatico*. In a place where existence is so poor and monotonous, even this melancholy act of administering the Viaticum, appears to make a welcome change in the stereotyped dreariness of daily life. Towards nine o'clock on the following morning the procession moved slowly out of the church, towards the house of the dying person, and the whole ceremony lasted several hours, and was most numerous attended; but I did not the whole time see the smallest symptoms of emotion on the faces even of the women.

Gaiety is a characteristic of the population of the Honduras. Here is

A PIC-NIC AT SANTA ROSA.

The opulent inhabitants of Santa Rosa are mostly emigrants from Spain, who retain their European modes of life, and exercise generous hospitality towards strangers. Nowhere else in Central America have I met such cheerful, easy, and courteous manners; a few days sufficed to make me feel among them like a member of their family. On the morning after my arrival, as I have said, the report of Guar-

diola's approach was very general, and many of the wealthier part of the community were making ready for escape; but when in the afternoon this rumour was not confirmed, they were just as ready to make themselves easy, and think no more about it, and to amuse themselves with singing and dancing in the open air in the place, a little way off the town, to which they had fled for refuge. It was a grand picnic party on the grass; every family furnished some contribution, and large mats were spread out, on which ladies and gentlemen sat down in merry confusion. To see the great baskets of meat, pastry, and fruit that were procured, while goblets and guitars passed from hand to hand, one would hardly have supposed that we were in the immediate neighbourhood of want and distress. Presently the turn came to our host, the Padre Miguel, and he gave us a very pretty little song, and after that took a hearty draught at the liquor. I thought of Martin Luther's famous saying, "Who loves not woman, wine, and song," &c.; for it was obvious enough that the Padre had no objection to the two latter; but about the third item I was of course not entitled to form any opinion. Whilst the company were giving themselves up to boundless gaiety on this beautiful carpet of nature's providing, I climbed a neighbouring hill to look at the landscape in the illumination of the evening sun; and a most lovely landscape it was that lay before me encircled by green hills, and perfumed by the breath of the pine woods. I have beheld many grander scenes, but never one of more exquisitely peaceful beauty. As soon as it grew dusk the gay company returned to the town—the jovial Padre, guitar in hand, leading the van of the procession—and betook themselves to the handsome apartments of the E — family, where the festivities were kept up to a late hour of the night. All fear of the enemy had apparently vanished from their minds, and nobody was in the least disturbed by the thought that they might be dancing on a volcano.

Our traveller having desired to feel an earthquake, witnessed a more terrible one than he had wished for. It was at San Salvador.

A GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Immediately after nine o'clock, however, a shock occurred more violent than the strongest felt on the Good Friday. I was unwell with a slight feverish attack, and had gone to bed, but was awakened by the noise. Some walls fell in, many houses were rent, and a part of the ceiling of my room fell, striking me on the head and face, and for some minutes blinding me with the dust. I sprang from my bed and groped my way to the door, which, unluckily, I had locked; but after a time I succeeded in getting it open, and made my way to the courtyard, where I found the rest of the inhabitants of the house praying and screaming. After a few moments had elapsed, however, they had quite got over their fright, and were joking and laughing at their previous consternation and precipitate flight. Unless the houses actually fall, people do not, after the first moment, think much of these shocks; but this time they did take the precaution to put all their doors open, and had their beds carried out into the court. Mine was placed under the gallery of the corridor, and a great deal of compassion was expressed for me when they found I had been a little hurt. A young doctor, who occupied the room next to mine, thought there would be no strong "temblor" again to-night; but an aged priest said that this house was old and decayed, and it was very necessary to be careful. My housemates then went back into their rooms; and, though they kept the doors open, consumed with a good appetite the remainder of the Easter feast, the conversation the while turning, of course, almost exclusively upon the "temblor." I lay gazing up into the night sky, not feeling at all inclined to sleep. The day had been, as usual, very warm, the thermometer at noon, showing 88° Fahr; a heavy mass of clouds (*Strato-Cumulus*) lay piled up about the waning moon, but dispersed about ten o'clock, and the moon then shone brightly through a clear and tranquil atmosphere. A few light scattered clouds of the *Cirrus* and *Cirro-Stratus* lay motionless at a few points on the horizon; but there was nothing to portend any unusual phenomenon. At thirty minutes past ten, however, came the shock that laid the city of San Salvador in ruins. It began with a terrific noise, the earth heaving as if lifted by a subterranean sea; and this moment, and the thunder accompanying it, continued for ten or twelve seconds, while the crash and uproar of falling buildings were still more deafening than the thunder. An immense and blinding cloud of dust arose, through which were heard the shrieks and supplications of the flying people, calling on "Maria Santissima" and other saints; and at length a hymn, in thousand-voiced chorus, which was heard plainly, through all the other noises, at the distance of a mile and a half from the town, by a family of German emigrants with whom I was acquainted. I had witnessed many terrible scenes of war and revolution in the Old World; but there at least they were visible enemies of flesh and blood with whom people had to contend; but here were unknown, terrific, incalculable powers at work, of whose nature they had only the vaguest idea. The shocks went on, sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker, and with very brief intervals, until, by the evening of Easter Monday, one hundred and twenty had been

counted, and they were accompanied all the time by hollow thunder and detonations, as if a tremendous battle were raging beneath the earth. People now abandoned all thoughts of their property, and sought only to save their lives; for, with the continual oscillations of the ground in all directions, rents and chasms were opening on it, so that no one knew whether it might not the next moment yawn beneath their feet and engulf every living soul. After every new shock I noticed that the people changed their prayers and the names of the saints they were invoking; but whether the saints did not hear, or could not or would not help them, the subterranean artillery continued to bellow forth its fearful salvos with unmitigated fury. Towards one o'clock in the morning, one of my acquaintances came climbing over the ruined wall of our courtyard to inquire after me, as he knew I was unwell; and he then proposed to me to take a walk through the town by moonlight. We took the direction of the market-place, where the cathedral stood; and, from what I saw, I can truly say that the whole city was destroyed, for I did not see a single house uninjured. Those that were not lying in ruins had so many rents, and damages of various kinds, as to be quite uninhabitable. The cathedral—an elegant, rather than imposing, building—had escaped with less damage than many other churches; but the clock-tower had fallen, the portal was lying in fragments, and the walls were gaping open in two or three places. The interior of the Franciscan convent, the door of which stood wide open, presented a sad picture of desolation. So many stones had fallen from the roof, and such large portions of the walls, that most of the altars lay scattered in fragments, or were covered with rubbish; several of the colossal figures of saints had fallen from their niches, and lay with their finery all covered with dust and stones; but the people, who the day before had been bearing them about in triumph, now did not trouble themselves any more about them: everybody was occupied in saving his life, or, if possible, his most valuable possessions. Of the new University buildings only one wing was left standing; it was the one containing the clock-tower, and in this the clock was still going on, regularly striking the hours. The roof of the Episcopal Palace had fallen in, and some stones had struck the sacred head of the bishop with no more ceremony than had been shown towards our profane pates, though this bishop was Don Tomaso Saldana, a man most justly held in high repute for the excellence of his life. Much injury had also been sustained by the President of the republic, Senor Duennas, who was originally a monk, but afterwards a lawyer and a statesman, and perhaps the man of the greatest capacity in the whole country. The streets were empty and desolate, and we had to scramble over heaps of ruins to get through them: not a creature was to be seen but a few sentinels, and in the interior of the houses also there reigned the stillness of the grave. Even in the broadest streets the people did not think themselves safe, and rich and poor were huddled together indiscriminately in the great square, praying, singing, and screaming whenever a new shock startled them with its terrible explosion; but, fortunately, in the midst of all this, the new President, Don José Maria San Martin, showed much presence of mind, and gave his orders for the preservation of property with much composure. At the corner of the Cathedral we met the Augustine monk, Don Estevan Castillo, a member of a family of distinction here, and a highly valued friend of my own. He was one of the most intellectually-gifted men I have ever known in Central America, with a fervent love of knowledge, though much given to abstract metaphysical speculation, and delighting to try his strength on those great mysteries of existence which have puzzled the thinkers of all ages to little purpose. Our last conversation on the seemingly blind sway of the powers of Nature was strangely in coincidence with the scene now surrounding us; and I believe he was thinking of that as he pressed my hand, when we met, without speaking. All the higher clergy had taken flight; but he was going about, accompanied by some stout men, to dig out people buried in the ruins; and, by break of day he had got out several hundreds of bodies, but all dead; and probably, but for the previous warning shock, the destruction would have been much greater. The present writer, among others, would certainly, but for them, not have been at this moment alive to tell of the earthquake.

The interest of this passage will excuse its length. We turn now to Mr. Westgarth's *Victoria and the Gold Mines*, whose value consists in its being the latest account of the colony, which is daily developing itself, and which, therefore, would demand a new historian every year.

Mr. Westgarth purposely avoids reference to the past of the colony; he seeks only to illustrate the present, and suggest the future. He shall, however, speak for himself. We will say only that it is the best, because the latest, book on the subject. Here is an interesting fact:—

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE AT THE DIGGINGS.

The quietness of the diggings on a Sunday is striking. There seems a general agreement to cease from the usual occupation; consequently, it is ex-

tremely rare to find any party engaged in actual mining on that day. But it may be easily understood that, situated as the miners are, they have few resources to fall back upon for employment of mind or body during that period of rest. Many thousands are brought together, separated at once from the comforts and restraining influences of a home and family, and pursuing a vocation of a speculative and irregular character. It is not surprising that the clergymen should complain of a thin attendance and an uncertain flock. We observed some games in process, and a crowd looking on; many were chopping wood, or performing little duties about their tents. The pipe and cigar seemed a great resource. Most were well-dressed, and many women and children were walking about or sitting at the entrances of tents. Bills were posted on the gum-trees along the road, intimating that the clergymen of some particular sect would preach that day, and giving the hour and place. The churches were commonly made of canvass; but we observed that one, the Episcopalian, was a wooden structure, and of a design whose single merit seemed to be that of originality. We also remarked one of stone that was being built in the township, and belonging to the Wesleyans.

These are

THE NEWSPAPERS.

We found here a local newspaper, of course at war with the authorities, local and general; and we amused ourselves with the violent style of the "leaders." A newspaper is now published at each of the principal gold-fields, and is the means of diffusing much information as to the nature and progress of mining. In matters affecting the rights and the wrongs of the miners, all the statements are not of course to be taken for truth. We received the Melbourne and Geelong papers on the day of publication—the latter, in fact, but little after mid-day; which we considered creditable in the absence of railroads, and with a very poor and partial substitute of common highways. These exploits, however, were not the doings of the post—her Majesty's mails generally lumbering behind every one else's—but of private conveyance companies, amongst which some of our new American colonists were conspicuous. Cobb and Co., whether the name be a genuine appellation or only a handy abbreviation of Yankee commerce, takes the position in Victoria of the Pickfords, Bianconis, and Croalls of the old country.

Again:

Where every one feels the interest to read, and has the means to buy a newspaper, the press is a flourishing institution. The institution in a general sense, however, is more flourishing than its component members; for newspaper property, in the individual meaning, is most precarious. The newspaper must take its colour from its customers. The rough social aspects of a colony are reflected in its press. The refined edge of a home newspaper article is here a style no better than the rounded back of the razor, which draws no blood and leaves the public transgressor unscathed; so at him again, and flay him, dead or alive. Personality has been the great fault of the colonial press everywhere. But improvement is already evident at Melbourne, and in Sydney the press has attained a literary status that may even satisfy the imperial standard. The literature of the colony has as yet adventured upon little beyond those stirring subjects of the day that pertain to newspaper and other periodical reading. Of this, however, there is a most ample and varied supply. To the already crowded table of the colonial news-room the addition of yet another broadsheet is an oft-repeated announcement. It tells of some rival "daily," emanating from an established and expanding township, or of a new creation in the aridiferous wilderness, whose name and existence are perhaps unknown to many until they learn of both in the pages of its newspaper. Three large daily papers are published in Melbourne, besides many weekly and other publications. One of these daily prints, the *Argus*, exhibits in its many and closely-printed advertising columns an appearance that is, perhaps, inferior only to the great *Times* in the British newspaper-world. Geelong has a daily paper, as also the gold-fields' town of Beechworth; while the other important towns of Ballarat and Sandhurst have each two daily issues. Other places possess newspapers published at wider intervals. In all, there were upwards of forty such publications at the beginning of the present year.

This description of the manners of the people is certainly not attractive:—

SOCIETY IN VICTORIA.

The utilitarian heaven seems unfavourable to the arts of well-bred life. As social intercourse has not the exclusiveness, so neither has it the polish of home. Distinguishing manners are here less closely allied to prominent public usefulness. The tradesman or mechanic who commands a position in the Colonial Legislature must needs have free entrance to the colonial drawing-room, although not calculated to shine in such a scene, as he tries his balance upon the razor-edge of its unaccustomed proprieties. One would prefer to see the utility and the elegance in combination. No help for it, however, that those well-mannered youths who dance to such perfection, those collegians who read Greek and speak Latin,

will yet study far less of the land they live in than of other subjects comparatively unimportant. They are not destined, therefore, to lead the way here; and, indeed, if the country and its progress depended on them, I fear there would be but a brief story to tell about either. A colony is not commonly a place for saving money. People make it by heaps, and spend it or lose it with a like facility; lightly come, lightly go. The credit system in business, which is nearly universal, scatters freely the means and resources of progress through the community. The mass moves on briskly, but many a blow falls upon individual members. This is just the state of things to encourage a liberality, both in business and in private life, that shares alike the charm of generosity and the fault of profusion, and endangers the safety both of one's own property and that which others intrust to colonial agency. In this state of things the mercantile and trading world, where the operations of individuals ever tend to run ahead of their capital and resources, is characterised by many chequered scenes of gains and losses. There is, as compared with the steadier course of home industry, a large amount of commercial insolvency; but, at the same time, as the unfortunate of to-day is often the successful of tomorrow, so it is a pleasant feature that the deficiencies of the past are frequently made good from this subsequent success.

Passages in the Life of a Soldier, or Military Service in the East and West. By Lieut.-Colonel Sir JAMES E. ALEXANDER, Knt., K.C.L.S. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

THESE two volumes afford some pleasant reading. They contain the narrative of personal adventures, told in a simple, manly, soldierly style—the style of a man who unaffectedly relates what he has done and what he has witnessed in the course of an adventurous career.

During the earlier part of his military life, Sir James Alexander was quartered in Canada, and we have consequently some interesting sketches of that country, its people, and some exciting episodes which took place during Sir James's residence among them. The Montreal riots in 1849 figure largely among these. We quote a description of the attack upon the House of Assembly, which ended in the destruction of that edifice by fire.

The missiles came, at first, from the front of the building; but presently they came from the back also, till very little glass was left in the windows. There was a short cessation in the attack, and several of the members again entered the house from the lobbies; but the stones were again thrown, and fell in the centre of the hall, through the shattered windows; then a cry was raised from the library end of the building—"They come!" and the members and clerks there, rushing across the hall, disappeared at the opposite end. A dozen persons now entered the Hall of Assembly from the library end, armed with sticks; one of them, a man with a broken nose, walked up the steps, and, seating himself in the speaker's chair, said, in Cromwellian style, and waving his hand, "I dissolve this House!" The others then commenced the work of destruction; the papers were struck off the members' desks into the middle of the floor with sticks; some tore up the benches, and hurled them also into the middle of the floor; whilst others threw their sticks at the chandeliers and globe-lights on the walls, and demolished them.

During these riots Lord Elgin was attacked by the mob, and, upon more than one occasion, narrowly escaped with his life. The exciting cause of these tumults was the Indemnity Bill, which was to indemnify all losses during the late rebellion, whether incurred by rebels or not. Those who had been loyal very naturally objected to the imposition of a general tax for any such purpose.

Among the many other persons with whom Sir James met in Canada, were the notorious Barnum and Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer. Of the former he gives a short description:

We had the well-known Barnum at Montreal, with Tom Thumb and a menagerie of wild beasts; he also lectured on temperance and the Maine Liquor Law. A specimen of his style may be given. He is a Connecticut man; in appearance he is tall and robust, with a round head, square face, short nose, an intelligent but severe expression, hair not lanky, but cut even all round the head. Coming forward to the front of the platform, "in a genteel suit of black," and holding his hands together with his fingers touching, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to be here to contribute a little mite to the cause of temperance. No doubt curiosity brings many here this evening; so would a trial for murder. If in your streets a man had robbed and murdered half a dozen citizens, there would be a great attendance to see him tried; however, whatever may be the motive of your coming here, I hope the result will be for good, though at the mouth of him who exhibited Jenny Lind and Tom Thumb, the mermaid and the woolly horse."

The association is certainly not very flattering to the Swedish nightingale.

The visit of Father Gavazzi was, as our readers will remember, the exciting cause of some very terrible riots in Canada, where the antagonism between Protestants and Roman Catholics runs very strong. The following scene reads like a page out of some history of Ireland half a century old:—

Nine o'clock had struck; it had become dusk; when, in talking of Ribbonism in Ireland—that combination for murder and violence—Gavazzi asserted that the priests did not try to put it down, when a voice from the body of the Church called out, "It's a lie!" whereupon there was a cry of "Turn him out." The interruption seemed to be a signal for a general outbreak. The greatest confusion and tumult immediately ensued, and a volley of stones was thrown from the outside through the windows and in at the doors towards the pulpit. Dr. Cook, the eloquent and excellent minister of St. Andrew's Church, got into the preacher's or clerk's seat, and attempted in vain to address the excited multitude. The sheriff, Sewell, and Mr. R. Symes, the energetic magistrate, tried also to restore order; but rioters from the outside rushing past the unresisting police, and joined with those already inside, first hurled Bibles and Psalm-books from the pews at the head of Gavazzi, and then attempted to storm the pulpit, which is lofty, stands out from the wall, and is ascended by two stairs in the rear. The design of the rioters seemed to be to tear Gavazzi from the pulpit, and to beat him to death with bludgeons on the spot. He knew he was in great peril, and that the most strenuous efforts were required to preserve his life. His muscular power and well-knit frame stood him now in good stead. Seizing the chair which stood in the pulpit, he struck down the first rioters who ascended the stair, and he battled with this weapon valiantly. A gallant sergeant of artillery, "Lawson" by name, an honour to his corps (and afterwards presented with a gold watch by some of his civilian admirers), seeing the fearful odds mustering against Gavazzi, sprang to the rescue, got into the pulpit with Gavazzi, and fought by his side. His aid was very important; likewise that of Captain Haultain, R.A., and Lieutenant Noble, R.E. The chair was torn from Gavazzi's grasp, when he seized a stool, and wielded it also with effect; till his assailants, climbing up behind when he was occupied in front, overpowered him, and the sergeant and the padre were hurled out of the pulpit by the legs. Fortunately there was a crowd of rioters and Gavazzi's friends struggling below. He fell fifteen feet on their heads, and thus escaped death from the fall. Regaining his feet, he hurried into the basement, where his secretary was also carried, though with black eyes and much bruised.

In 1853 Sir James visited New York, as one of the Canadian jurors at the Exhibition held there. He gives some lively touches of American freedom of, or rather from, manners, not the least amusing of which is a notice to the servants at an hotel near Ellis Falls:—

There shall be no dancing, singing, or whistling while waiting at meals; there shall be no remarks made upon people sitting at the table. No smoking, chewing tobacco, or spitting round the room. There shall be no stopping to eat while waiting on meals, or taking anything off the table to go aside. No servant is allowed to take any liberties with any lady or gentleman in the dining-room.

In the beginning of 1855 Sir James was ordered with his regiment to the seat of war in the Crimea, and he soon found himself before the walls of Sebastopol. His account of the siege does not, of course, differ very materially from the numerous ones which we have already had to go through; but some of the details and incidents are new, and will repay perusal. Sir James arrived in time to witness the unsuccessful attempt upon the Redan, and remained in the Crimea until the end of the campaign.

North America, its Agriculture and Climate: containing Observations on the Agriculture and Climate of Canada, the United States, and the Island of Cuba. By ROBERT RUSSELL. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1857.

As a book of reference upon the matters referred to in the title, it would be impossible to overrate the importance of the work. It is the result of a journey of inquiry over the United States of North America, Canada, and Cuba, and contains a fund of most valuable information as to the physical and social aspects of the country, the agriculture, products, mode of cultivation, geological and meteorological features, slave and free population; indeed, everything which the emigrant, the merchant, or the statesman would desire to know. The matter is well arranged, and is sufficiently illustrated, when necessary, by charts, diagrams, tables, &c.

FICTION.

Tallangetta, the Squatter's Home: a Story of Australian Life. By WM. HOWITT, Author of "Two Years in Australia, &c. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

WILLIAM HOWITT describes Australian life and scenery from personal acquaintance with it. Hence the truthfulness and freshness of the picture. He has chosen the form of fiction, perhaps, because it enables him to bring together all the characteristics of the Land of Gold, and group them according to his fancy, the story sustaining the reader's interest as a relief between the pauses of the magnificent panorama this author-artist unrolls before him. The incidents of Australian life, which Mr. Howitt narrates, and the characters to which he seeks to introduce the reader, are woven into a plot of simplest construction, with just enough of incident to connect together the descriptions of men and things which it was the main purpose of the work to convey. The materials of the plot are not new. One Sir Thomas Fitzpatrick, a Baronet, having been deprived of his title and estates by the roguery of a relative who disputes his legitimacy, goes with his family to Victoria. Even there he is not safe from the pursuit and machinations of his foe. Spies are placed upon him, temptations beset him, all kinds of arts are tried to lure him to destruction. How he conquers them and ultimately triumphs over his enemy is the substance of the story, which, as we have said, is only subservient to the design of exhibiting a series of sketches of Australian scenery, and of the manners and characters of its inhabitants. This Mr. Howitt has accomplished with his usual extraordinary powers of description, especially of the strange phase of existence seen at the diggings. *Tallangetta* will be read, not so much as a novel, as being a vivid and truthful picture of our great gold colony, and its singular people.

Under the Lime Trees. By CAROLINE RICKETTS. London: L. Booth. 1857.

THE collection of tales grouped together under this somewhat fanciful title gives evidence of a power capable of producing much greater works. The stories are original, well constructed, and told in a very pure and eloquent style. The title is explained by the use of the old mechanism for binding a collection of tales together, which has been in fashion ever since the days of Boccaccio. A party of young people are confined within the walls of a pleasant old country mansion, called Seaton Court, and they beguile the weary hours by relating tales to each other. Seaton Court is remarkable for an avenue of particularly fine lime trees—a sort of tree for which the authoress has evidently very strong predilections; and hence it is that the collection comes to be called *Under the Lime Trees*.

Of the five stories contained in the volume we certainly prefer the first—"The Sisters." It is natural and graceful throughout, and betrays a woman's knowledge of the secret heroism of woman's heart. The self-sacrificing Jane is admirably drawn. Perhaps we should have liked a little more vigour in the sketching of the hero, Mr. Wallingford, the Corydon from the Inner Temple.

To the story of "The Grange," powerful and interesting though it be, we have to object that the conduct of the heroine, Georgina Fellowes, is simply disgusting. She is a jilt, who does not know her own mind for two days together, and is quite unfit for such a particularly model curate as the Rev. Edward Bouverie. As for Captain Bingham, he seems too great an ass to belong to any corps in her Majesty's service.

We hope soon again to hear from Mrs. Ricketts. Her fancy is bright and her style agreeable; and, when experience has worn off a few faults, which lie altogether upon the surface, she will be a very charming authoress.

The History of a Flirt made a sensation some years ago, partly on account of its taking title, and partly for its intrinsic merits. It will doubtless find a still increased popularity, now that it is added to the "Parlour Library," and can be bought for a shilling.

The White Musk, by Mrs. Thomson, is another addition to the "Parlour Library."

The second volume of *Tom Burke of Ours* has been added to the new and cheap edition of Lever's works.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Plays and Poems. By GEORGE H. BOKER. 2 vols. Second Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. London: Trübner and Co.

SOME books reach a second edition by very questionable means—certainly not from intrinsic merit. In the crowded thoroughfares of life we often see a face decidedly unprepossessing, but somehow we are compelled to gaze upon it; it is always at our elbow; it peers at us in dreams from our ghostly bed-curtains. So in like manner many a miserable book—the author presuming on cheap advertisements—swaggers in the royal robe of a second edition, and stares us out of countenance from the most abject of provincial newspapers. On the other hand, there are books which we love to see, and cannot see too often, multiplied. Among such we must place this volume, *Plays and Poems*, by Mr. Boker. If we were to say that the plays contain some delightful passages, some exquisite touches of pathos and imagination, we should be saying what is strictly correct; but at the same time we should be circumscribing the merits of the author. It is not that he excites the fancy by brief and beautiful passages that we wholly admire him, but because each particular play is a superstructure—a fabric built up with purpose, energy, and constructive talent. The characters also stand out with boldness. Very many of the plays contain the histrionic element, energy, in a degree remarkable in an age when maudlin sentimentality has taken the place of healthy manly activities. "Anne Boleyn," not to mention others, would on the stage show the strong struggles of the passions. Mr. Boker's miscellaneous poems are excellent—the sonnets especially forceful; but we think he has shown his greatest strength of mind in the sustenance of his dramas.

Revenge; or, Woman's Love: a Melodrama, in Five Acts. By GEORGE STEPHENS, Esq. Copenhagen: Iversen. London: J. R. Smith.

WE frequently tolerate a poem of average worth, but not so a drama of ordinary merit; and the reason is obvious. A poem is more or less the expression of an individual idea, the exposition of a thought, the utterance of a fancy, peculiar to the writer. A drama is, or rather should be, a representation of life—not of the individual, but a series of individualities, acting on each other, controlling, mingling, opposing, and yet preserving through all a strong distinctiveness. In a perfect drama a speech ought to denote the character—and does so in Shakspeare—even without the name of the character. It is this oneness which makes the consummation and triumph of the whole. A poem may be only a modest appeal from self to the feelings of others; often it is only an honourable pastime; but a drama takes a higher reach of art; it unveils nature in its manifold intricacies, it merges self in the wide ocean of actions. Edgar is as necessary as Lear himself; he is the pivot on which many of the sayings of the old king turns. Herein an ordinary writer would have confounded the two madmen, made the personality of one answer for both; but the delicate and difficult task of making the distinction clear, no man who ever lived, save Shakspeare, could have accomplished. Where there are such delicate threads to handle we may expect failures; but this is hardly an excuse for the many dramas, so misnamed, which are yearly published, and which, strictly speaking, are merely descriptive poems, or something worse. The same objections which we have urged in general terms apply to *Revenge, or Woman's Love*, in particular. We have perused it with some care, and have no hesitation in saying that it fails in the higher attributes of the drama. Looking at it in its secondary degree, honesty compels us to say that it is a failure also. Its style is decidedly bad. What are most worthy of commendation in connection with this drama are seventeen songs and chants, published separately. These, both words and music, have some good vocalisation and harmony. The style of the author is particularly heavy, from an excessive use of compound words. We should wish for Mr. Stephens to observe how many compound words he can find in Goldsmith or any other of our pure English poets. They are ugly things to use at any time; but a free use of them—if using them at all can properly be termed free—makes the verse laboured, and even painful to peruse. Going over them in the drama before us is like trampling over sharp flints with naked

feet. We will present an example out of a vast number of such:

Are these
Cold cutting blasts the perfume-laden gales
I ween'd should kiss my cheek? Is that dead ice-floor
The flower-deck'd mead of happy Palestine?
All my strong air-castles—yon grim-flooting sprites,
Yon rustling North-lights, elves banner-waving, torch-arm'd,
Now crash and bren!

Six separate times Night's lamp,
The wide-flung bird-path's sickly-flick'ring lighter,
Hath the Angel-King new trimm'd with oil celestial
Since—my good galley boarding, and down-hewing
My truefast war-mans—that damn'd Bare-serk crew
Of Wikings, bay-boys, pirates, heathen hell-hounds,
Me captive to this storm-beat scar-coast led,
To savage Eric, his heart more stony still.

These words are a portion of a soliloquy of Earl Edgar, captured and made a slave by Eric King of Sweden. We shall give another passage, which, in addition to the ugly compounds, has the disadvantage of being wholly out of place and vague. It is the very opening words of the drama:

Rouvena—Nay, nurse, I cannot smile, e'en at thy bidding.
Nurse—But talk not then so strangely to thyself.
Rouvena—Strangely! Strange 'tis, this strangeness of my Edgar:
Whence springs it? Some hidden foe his heart beguiling,
It blights his fondness, each sweet soul-gush freezes.—
Too quickly drooping, his first purest, tend'rest
Affections die, and—telling of spheres of late
One maze of heav'n-eyes—th' sombre clouds athwart.
Now shines but one sole orb, his marriage fealty
So in our North the skate-shod Snow-King's breath
Nips and frost-veils each grove, late blooming fairest,
Till, mid pale skeleton trees—Nature's own spectres
Grimly gaunt—and cliffs, and that white death-pall
Whose broad folds round a shivering world Air-Elves
Weave with such noiseless shuttle, but one faint tone
Speaks of past bird-song, th' gloomy waste betrays
But one faint smile—the needly pine's dark verdure.

Now, will anybody's ordinary or even extraordinary experience say that a lady speaks to her nurse in such language?—that, feeling the sharp sting of a husband's neglect, a wife has the heart to heap up metaphors until she seems doubtful how she shall extricate herself, and indeed to our thinking does not extricate herself at all? If needed, we could amply bear out the justice of our remarks by extracts, but we have already done enough to perform a disagreeable duty. Under all circumstances, it is as painful for us to speak disparagingly of a book as it is a genuine pleasure to praise it.

The Odes of Horace. Translated into English verse, with the original measures, by RICHARD W. O'BRIAN, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin: Hodges and Co. London: Longman. At least half the translations extant are made with little intention of presenting the author in his entire individuality, the object being to show how glibly modern English versification can talk. Some few others have a nobler object, being designed to show the mind of the foreigner through the high art to which our country has attained. Had Mr. O'Brian merely consulted the popular taste, or looked only to his translation in a mercantile spirit, he would not, in translating the "Odes of Horace," have preserved the original measures. Young ladies who have a horror of hard versification, may wish Horace to be translated into the softest and most musical of English measure; but in this instance they will not be gratified. They will consign Mr. O'Brian, and Horace also, to unmerciful neglect, if for a single moment they think of the delicious melodies of Tom Moore, and compare with the following:

TO LYDIA.

I burn, if the wine's boisterous broil
Should those shoulders of thine, bright as the morning,
Spoil;
Or if, maddened, the stripling, e'er
Th' imprint marks that shall last upon thy lips, should dare.

It is to the scholar in particular that Mr. O'Brian must look for any praise, or any encouragement of his labours. The translator admits the difficulty of his task, and at the same time throws a doubt on the desirability of that task when he asserts that his metrical translation, or, in other words, the presentment of Horace in his original measures, is the first attempt of the kind. It is fair to infer that there must have been sound and weighty reasons why all previous translators of Horace have adapted themselves to English measures, while the most popular of them, by Dr. Francis, are composed entirely in iambics. We have often thought that the iambic is suited to the taste of our nation, no measure so well representing the manliness and force of British character. But in this particular case, in the translation of Horace, we have no hesitation in saying that there are warmer measures in which to Anglicise the emotions of the

"Venusian Bard." If this little work be not popular, it ought to be so, for the care and research Mr. O'Brian has taken with it. If it have a small circulation, it will be from no want of skill and scholarship, from no inability to present the poet's mental forms with accuracy, but from the translator having presented Horace in his original measures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Account of the Musical Celebrations of St. Cecilia's Day, in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries. To which is appended a Collection of Odes on St. Cecilia's Day. By WILLIAM HENRY HUSK, Librarian to the Sacred Harmonic Society. London: Bell and Daldy. 1857.

As a personage, St. Cecilia is more than doubtful, and her martyrdom is a fact much disputed among the learned. One legend places it at Rome about the year 229; others in Sicily between A.D. 176 and 180. Her musical talent is an invention comparatively recent, for "The Golden Legend" (1290), which is the first book that makes mention of St. Cecilia, says nothing about her capabilities in that direction. "Indeed (says Mr. Husk), it seems pretty clear that for a long period the Saint's musical attainments formed a by no means conspicuous feature in her history. . . . The early poets make but a very slight mention of Cecilia's musical skill. . . . It is also remarkable that, although very ancient pictorial representations of her exist, she is seldom shown with musical instruments previous to the commencement of the fifteenth century."

But in spite of this, nothing can now take away from St. Cecilia her martyr's palm and her artistic crown. These sort of traditions, when once established, when once they are graven by the hand of Time upon the great tablets of humanity, are never effaced. Whether St. Cecilia ever lived or not, whether she was or was not the first Christian who ever used musical instruments to assist her prayers upwards to the skies, whether she be myth or reality, that myth (if myth it be) is clothed with a body, has received life from the imaginations of men, and all the criticism of human knowledge is powerless to put it to death. The genius of poets, a power which is truly creative, has given it at once, both existence and immortality, just as the Poet of Poets has made real existences of Juliet, Desdemona, and Ariel.

"But, whatever doubt or obscurity," says Mr. Husk, "may exist as to the Saint's musical acquirements, or when or how the patronage of music was first ascribed to her, it is certain that the custom of celebrating her festival, or rather of celebrating on that day the praise of music by musical performances, has prevailed at different times in different countries." It is the history of these Celebrations that the able librarian of the Sacred Harmonic Society has undertaken the task of writing, and well has he executed it. He has brought together into a concrete form the accounts of all the honours which this imaginary being has from time to time received; and whosoever for the future wishes to make mention of the patron of musicians must consult Mr. Husk's little volume. It is one of those works which survive the time of their production, and which men keep in their libraries for the sake of the interesting researches of which they are the fruit, and because they are written conscientiously and *con amore*. Monographs like these require great care and great labour, and those who know the difficulty of avoiding error in the composition of such works will best appreciate the accuracy attained by Mr. Husk. His plan, being simple and clear, has enabled him to say all he had to say with great facility. He gives, year by year, an account of all the Celebrations and all their details, with the names of the poet, the composer, and the singers, and a description of all auxiliary circumstances. This plan, followed by a man who is evidently a hunter-up of old chronicles, a searcher after old documents, has enabled him to discover a multitude of facts which throw a singular light upon the history of music in Europe, and above all in England. There are little biographical notices about a number of men whose names are now lost, but whom it is good to recall, because they once were useful. We only regret that Mr. Husk has not added to his volume a table of names, which would have greatly enhanced the value of his researches by facilitating those of the reader.

The first celebration of St. Cecilia's Festival of which there is any account took place at Evreux in France, at a period not more remote than 1571: the first in England of which any note remains took place at London in 1683. The English score, composed by Henry Purcell, fills a volume of forty pages of small quarto—not very extensive. From 1683 to 1703, the celebrations were held yearly, almost without interruption. It was for that of 1688 that Dryden wrote his first "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day;" and for that of 1697 his famous second Ode, "Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music;" the first of which was set to music by a man named Giovanni Batista Draghi, and the second by Jeremiah Clarke. Mr. Husk, following Sir Walter Scott's version, applies to "Alexander's Feast" a letter by Dryden, in which he says to his son, "I am writing a song for St. Cecilia's Feast. This is troublesome, and by no way beneficial; but I could not deny the stewards, who came in a body to my house to desire that kindness." If there be no mistake here, if that letter does not rather apply to the ode of 1688, instead of to that of 1697 (as I am inclined to believe), the masterpiece of the great lyric poet was certainly not written with any very exaggerated enthusiasm; and the tradition which asserts that Dryden composed it in a night and a day is one of those marvellous stories which become attached to fine things, as if to render them more marvellous still. It is very clear that, if the ode had been written in twenty-four hours, the old bard would not have written—"I am writing a song: this is troublesome."

The Celebrations, which took place at London almost without interruption for twenty-one consecutive years, were interrupted in 1703, without the cause being known; but they were resumed again from time to time with more or less regularity, and did not cease entirely until the year 1800. In pursuing his investigations so that nothing should escape him, Mr. Husk has discovered some interesting and altogether novel documents, relative to the performances of Handel's works in the provinces.

The Commemorations of St. Cecilia were held both in the provinces and in the metropolis. Mr. Husk gives a very exact account of both; and he has placed it beyond a doubt, by the authentic evidence which he produces, that it was from that source that, exactly a century ago, the festivals arose, just as they are given in the present day. The *Salisbury Journal* for the 23rd of June, 1751, contains the following paragraph:—"We hear a great deal of company will be here on Thursday and Friday next, at the Festival on St. Cecilia." In the next week, the same paper describes the morning performances of the first day at the Cathedral, consisting of one of the "Chandos Anthems," and two of Handel's "Coronation Anthems," and in the evening, at the Assembly-room, "Alexander's Feast." On the second day, in the morning, the "Dettingen Te Deum," with the two remaining "Coronation Anthems," and, in the evening, "Samson." "At the Assembly-room the performers were more than forty in number, among which were several vocal as well as instrumental, from Oxford, Bath, and London. The performance was accurate and just, and met with general approbation from a numerous audience, to the amount of more than three hundred persons, the first night, and near as many the second." It is a long distance from that "numerous audience" of three hundred persons to the orchestra of 2500 performers at the late Crystal Palace Festival. The price of places did not then exceed two shillings, which was rather more modest than a guinea.

The Celebrations of St. Cecilia's Day lost about that epoch their special character, and became really festivals—preserving, nevertheless, the name of the Saint as a pretext; but gradually even the name disappeared, and that of Festival only remained. Mr. Husk has, therefore, corrected the generally-received opinion which attributes the origin of the Festivals to the meetings, at a very much later period, of the three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, on behalf of the Sons of the Clergy.

After having taken a rapid survey of the Celebrations of St. Cecilia's Day in France, Italy, and Germany, Mr. Husk closes his volume with a collection of all the pieces of poetry which have been written in England for the festivals of the Saint. The reader having now a full account of what this really interesting book contains, we can add nothing but that it deserves a place in every musical library.

Essays contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine."
By the Rev. JOHN EAGLES, M.A., Oxon,
author of "The Sketcher." Edinburgh and
London: Blackwood and Sons. 1857.

THESE *Essays* are well worth rescuing from the oblivion which too often attends many of the best things that appear in the form of periodical literature. The Rev. John Eagles was a friend, and, we believe, for some time curate to Sydney Smith, who used to say of him that he was a union of Dean Swift and Parson Adams. The reader of these *Essays* will discover the traits of character which suggested this somewhat anomalous combination.

Mr. Eagles's writings exhibit flashes of real wit at times, and a deep undercurrent of humour underlies his whole mind; this is united with an unworldliness of which he is himself amusingly ignorant. He is just the sort of man whose conclusions are admirable; but he has too much of the poet in him for us to gain assistance from the logical steps of his reasoning. He would be dogmatic if the deep charity of his soul did not turn all things to lovingkindness. If he takes exception, with much reality of honest indignation, to any man's works, he will wind up with discovering merits in this very writer, which even his admirers had not laid claim to. He attacks Thackeray with vehemence for his abuse of Swift; and most cordially do we agree in the following sentiment:—"It is a vile thing, this vice of modern times—this love of pulling down the names of great men of a past age—of blotting and slurring over every decent epitaph written in men's hearts about them."

The whole of the essay on "Thackeray's Lectures—Swift" contains matter of intense and lasting interest. Not only is it a critical but ingenious defence of Swift, arranging in order the details of his strange history, but it is, as the following extracts will show, an assertion of generous feeling worthy of all imitation. There is a duty towards our neighbour, even though it be our dead neighbour, which savans and literati too often forget.

And what is Swift? What is any dead man, that we should defend his name, which is nothing but a name—and not that to him? . . . Praise or blame to the man dead a century and more, is nothing for him; no, nor to any one of his race (for affections of that kind are lost in a wide distribution). Shakspeare makes even honour of a shorter date. "What is honour to him who died of Wednesday?" Very soon individual man melts away from his individuality, and merges into the general character; and, could the great and small visit us from the dead—they who "rode on white asses," and they who were gibbeted—they whom the "King delighted to honour," and they whom the hangman handled—there is no "usher of black rods" that could call them out by their names. Their individualities are gone; their names must go in search of them in vain; they will fasten nowhere with certainty; none know which is which. . . . But if the individual thus melts away, not so the general character; that will remain, and in that the living are concerned. We deem it a part of a true philanthropy if we can pull out one name from the pit of defamation into which it has been unhand-somely thrust, and can place it upon the record of our general nature—that our common humanity may be raised, and as much as may be glorified thereby. Such has been our motive (for with this motive alone is Swift anything to us), and we hope we have succeeded in rescuing one of nature's great men from unmerited obloquy.

The essay on "Church Music and other Parochials" has some admirable and suggestive remarks on certain local evils in rural districts—evils, however, which have found some remedy in the improved tone which marks both the clergy and their parishioners of this day—especially in the manner in which divine service is conducted. The genus of ignorant country clerks threatens to become extinct. Mr. Eagles has very amusingly chronicled some of their blunders. We confess to a feeling of sympathy with our author in his anathema against "namby-pamby, mawkish hymns, of which (he says) I could furnish some specimens; but I will not, for I do not think them all proper." We are convinced that many really religious and otherwise rational persons would be startled if they could for a while put by their blind habits of acceptance and quietly consider the ridiculous and irreverent way in which sacred words and names are brought in, more for rhyme than reason, to embellish wretched doggerel prose cut into lengths.

This essay was written in 1837, and in those twenty years there has been progress, and there is yet room for improvement we all know. Music is a great civiliser. Just now we have

need of all these things, that all classes may make common cause in the educational movement.

The fictitious person named Eusebius, to whom Mr. Eagles addresses his letters, was, we suspect, a sort of embodiment of a self-reflection—unconscious perhaps, but certain it is that he endues his imaginary friend with many of his own qualifications—particularly his intense love of a good story, with many of which he enlivens sober discussion on grave subjects. We had marked several of these *morceaux* for quotation, but our space is limited. We select the following, partly because we know the *dramatis personæ*.

A painter, the other day, as I am assured, in a country town, made a great mistake in a characteristic, and it was discovered by a country farmer. It was the portrait of a lawyer—an attorney, who, from humble pretensions, had made a great deal of money, and enlarged thereby his pretensions, but, somehow or other, had not very much enlarged his respectability. To his pretensions was added that of having his portrait put up in the parlour, as large as life. There it is, very flashy and very true; one hand in his breast, the other in his small-clothes pocket. It is market day—the country clients are called in—opinions are passed—the family present, and all complimentary—such as, "Never saw such a likeness in all my born days." "As like 'un as he can stare." "Well, sure enough, there he is." But at last there is one dissentient! "Taint like—not very, no, 'taint," said a heavy middle-aged farmer, with rather a dry look, too, about his mouth, and a moist one at the corner of his eye, and who knew the attorney well. All were upon him; "Not like! how, not like? Say, where is it not like?" "Why, don't you see," said the man, "he's got his hand in his breeches pocket. It would be as like again if he had his hand in any other body's pocket."

But the essay called "Sitting for a Portrait," and also "Grandfathers and Grandchildren," are not quite so happy as the rest of the contributions. There is what in old phraseology would be called "elaborated conceits," which do not sustain the interest and attention. If the "great Homer sometimes sleeps," lesser geniuses may be permitted to take a nap now and then, and even suffered to titillate themselves into wakefulness by the perpetration of a pun. Our author occasionally indulges in this strain. The essays in this volume which will perhaps be read with the deepest attention just now are those on "Civilisation—The Census," written in 1854-5. They are prophetic of the tone which is now being taken by some of the leading papers. He seems to think we are troubled over much about a question which will solve itself in the necessities of our present social system. He says:

I feel convinced that it would be impossible to keep back education. The people of all grades are in that state that they will have it. We are not in a dead-alive epoch of human history. The very fact of a daily press of consummate ability, and of varied and ever applicable information, has created, and is further creating, a necessity for education. The freer circulation of the business of the world, of markets, and of all trades, imposes such a necessity. A farmer cannot now count his cattle, as Proteus did his sea-calves, by his five fingers. The people, left to themselves, will be sure universally to acquire the three great elements of learning—reading, writing, and arithmetic. They know very well that without these they will be as foreigners in their own land, who want a language. But education, in busybody sense, means a great deal more than that—a portion of certainly useful, with a vast quantity of very useless, knowledge.

There is much pregnant wisdom in the following remarks:—

All-wise Providence, the universal maker of the machinery of nature, fits individuals for one community: Nature, therefore, gives out—elaborates in the complicated evolutions of her workings, more varied capacities than even the best philosophers wot of. Society is made up of classes; it will never do to have too many in one class. Works of different kinds are to be performed, and well performed; therefore, as nature evidently regulates the balance of the sexes, so does the same Nature economise and distribute capacities.

We do not go entirely with Mr. Eagles in all his strictures upon education, for we think him not sufficiently acceptive of some of the onward movements of the day; nevertheless, we must acknowledge the common-sense truth in such remarks as—"The education for a high class is thrust upon all classes;" and again,—"Will not elementary learning ensure every other kind of learning according to capabilities?"

These arguments are capable of abuse, for we might find ourselves instancing the times of feudalism as an example of the most symmetrical state of society; but we need not fear—the nine-

teenth century impresses its own image on the coin of its day.

The concluding essay in this volume is as quaint in subject-matter as in title, "The Beggar's Legacy." Altogether, it is a book that will find many readers. It is wise, genial, and hearty. It will be cordially welcomed by the book clubs, as was Mr. Eagles's former work "The Sketcher."

The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in England. London: Printed by Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1857.

From the tables and summaries contained in the Registrar-General's Report for the year 1855, we have extracted some facts which will, probably, interest such of our readers as have neither the time nor the inclination to winnow the mass for themselves.

During the year 1855, there were 304,226 persons married, 635,043 born, and 425,703 died; the increase of the population, therefore, was 209,340, which was, however, reduced by the emigration of 62,906 persons from England and Wales. The number of marriages, when compared with those of the previous year, show a decrease of 15,228 persons married: this is accounted for by the increase in the average price of corn from 72s. 5d. to 74s. 8d., and the consequent increased scarcity of provisions. The decrease of marriages was found to be principally among the poorer classes.

The Registrar-General points out that "the number of young women marrying under age has increased rapidly within the last seven years." Nor is this haste to get married confined to the weaker sex; for "the proportion of young men to young women who marry under the age of twenty-one is as one to three; but the early marriages of men increased nearly to the same extent as the early marriages of women." The counties in which the early marriages of women are most prevalent are Northampton, Huntingdon, Bedford, Cambridge, Essex, Stafford, Durham, Monmouth, Nottingham, Derby, Lancaster, and the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire. In London, Middlesex, Devon, and North Wales, young people seem more inclined to bide their time, for there are "remarkably few marriages of minors." With regard to the educational status of those who thus rush into the bonds of matrimony the Registrar-General records the painful fact that 44,846 husbands and 62,672 wives made their marks. Still, he says, "a certain number of the women who made their marks are deterred from timidity from writing their names; but, upon the other hand, many thousands of those who write their names write very badly, and are evidently little practised in the art of writing." Hence, the Registrar-General concludes that "the means of education must be still deplorably defective in England and Wales, when we find 41 in 100 women, and 29 in 100 men, making crosses instead of writing their names in the registers of their marriages." In no less than 32,139 of the new families created by marriage, both father and mother are so deplorably ignorant as to be unable either to read or write.

At pp. 26 and 27 of the Registrar-General's Report will be found some interesting tables, showing the ages at which the various worshippers of Hymen dedicate themselves at his shrine. Out of 87,696 males who were married during the year, 1 had attained the ripe age of fifteen, 1 was sixteen, 30 were seventeen, 377 were eighteen, 1646 were nineteen, and 40,164 were twenty; whilst (passing over the intermediate ages), 226 were sixty-five, 100 were seventy, 27 were seventy-five, and 5 "lean and slippered pantalons" hobbled to the altar at the green old age of eighty. Of the same number of women, 32 were fifteen years old when they married, 202 were sixteen, 833 were sweet seventeen, 3229 were eighteen, 6280 were nineteen, and 43,135 were twenty; whilst among the old ladies, 196 were sixty, 54 were sixty-five, 14 were seventy, 1 was seventy-five, and 1 was eighty. It is a curious fact that the five octogenarian males who committed matrimony were all widowers, and the old lady of eighty who followed their example was a widow. The marriages of these old people were not exactly the union of January with May for the wives whom the old gentlemen took to themselves, were of the respective ages of forty, forty-five, fifty-five, sixty, and sixty-five; and the husband whom the old lady of eighty took to cherish, her

declining years had attained the ripe age of sixty. From a table showing the relative ages of husbands and wives, a few curious facts may be gathered. One young gentleman of fifteen led a maiden of the same age to the hymeneal altar; another young fellow of sixteen braved his fate with a damsel of eighteen; out of thirty Benedicks of sixteen who surrendered to the all-conquering god, 6 chose Beatrices of sixteen years old, 8 of seventeen, 5 of eighteen, 5 of nineteen, and 6 of twenty; 2 youths of eighteen married wives who had reached thirty, as also did 9 who were twenty; 97 men who were twenty years old married wives who were thirty-five; 21 of the same age married wives who were forty; 5 of the same age married wives who were forty-five; and 1 unhappy minor was united to a blooming widow of sixty! Out of 15 girls of twenty who married old men, 7 married men of sixty, 6 men of sixty-five, 1 a man of seventy, and 1 a man of seventy-five. It should be remembered, however, that these figures only represent a portion of the truth, seeing that the tables from whence they are taken only contain the facts belonging to 87,696 marriages out of the total number of 152,113, the former being the number in which the ages of both parties could be correctly ascertained. The 87,696 cases given are thus composed: 71,882 bachelors married the same number of spinsters; 3741 bachelors married the same number of widows; 7764 widowers married the same number of spinsters, and 4309 widowers married the same number of widows. It appears also that the disposition to marry at an advanced age is more prevalent among those who have been married before; thus we find that 1130 widows married after fifty, against only 316 spinsters after the same age. The same law prevails among the men; 379 bachelors married after fifty, against 2771 widowers after the same age.

Out of the 635,043 children who were born in 1855 we find that 40,783 were born out of wedlock, that is to say, nearly one illegitimate child to every fifteen legitimate children. The counties which show the greatest proportion of children born out of wedlock are, Norfolk, Hereford, Salop, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. In London the proportion is very low; but it is a matter for grave consideration whether the very fewness of the births in great and crowded cities does not disclose a worse state of morality than can be charged against the localities which are most accused by the figures of the Registrar-General. And this brings us to the consideration of that part of the Registrar-General's report in which he compares the relative fecundity of the peoples of England and of France. From the calculations made that whilst the births in England go on rapidly increasing, the births of French children are upon the decrease. It is shown that in France 26 children are born to every 1000 of the population; but in England and Wales the same number gave birth to 34 children. What is the cause of this discrepancy? The Registrar-General attributes it to "the difference in the fecundity of married women at puerperal ages in the two countries." But what, again, is the cause of that?

In addition to the facts which we have adverted to, the Registrar-General's Report contains a great deal of valuable information respecting the causes of mortality in this country, the season of 1853, the prices of provisions and the weather, and the state of the public health. Into these matters, however, we cannot now follow Mr. Graham; whom, in conclusion, we beg to congratulate, not only upon the mass of valuable and reliable information which he contrives to concentrate into these reports, but upon the spirit and interest with which he contrives to animate the dry bones of statistics.

The Works of Professor Wilson. Vol. IX.: *The Recreations of Christopher North.* 2 vols. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons).—This new volume commences the collection of essays, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which were selected from the rest as being the choicest productions of the author, and given to the world about twelve years ago in two volumes. Here are to be found some of his most brilliant writings, especially those relating to rural sports, opening with the glorious essay in four parts, entitled "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket," and comprising "The Morning Monologue," "An Hour's Talk about Poetry," "A Day at Windermere," "The Moors," in four parts,

and "The Highland Snowstorm." Saving the immortal "Noctes," these will be the most popular volumes of the series, and will contribute most to the poet's fame.

Fourteen Years' Experience of Cold Water, its Uses and Abuses, by Capt. Richardson (Longman and Co.)—is a temperate account of the benefits of the cold water cures, by a patient. It also points out the cases to which it is not applicable.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Titan is full of most interesting matter. A new tale entitled "An Uncle from the Indies," a chapter on John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed; "Siddonia," by Cuthbert Bede; and "Handel, a Monograph," are the most notable among the contents of the present number. The latter is a well-written and appreciative sketch, founded on M. Scholcher's excellent biography of the great composer.

Blackwood's chiefest attractions are Bulwer's new novel, "What will he do with it?" and the very clever tale, "Janet's Repentance," both of which are continued—as are the Sea-side Sketches, Jersey being now the theme; the Review of Sir C. Napier's Life; and "Afoot," a series of interesting reminiscences of a traveller on a new plan, comparing like scenes in various countries. It is a capital number.

The *New Quarterly Review* is a sort of quarterly "Critic" or "Athenæum," containing a number of short reviews of books smartly written.

The *Dublin University Magazine* treats of Sir C. Napier's Life, and of four Irish bards more famous in Ireland than out of it. Professor Creasy continues his "Cardinal Treaties of Medieval and Modern History," the subject of this one being "the Treaty of Carlowitz." "Madame de Sable and the Salons of her Time" is an extremely amusing reminiscence of French fashionable life. "The Indian Mutiny" is the theme of one paper; and "The Argument from Design" of another.

Bentley's Miscellany has a memoir of Charles Kean; the Life of an Architect, by a pen familiar to the readers of the *Critic*, as we suspect; a retrospective review by Monkshood, of Narcissus Luttrell's Diary; and a continuation of Mr. Costello's "Millionaire of Mincing-Lane."

Putnam's Monthly presents us with a humorous novel, cleverly illustrated with woodcuts, entitled "Frippery." Another illustrated paper is "The Rail and the Wagon Road, a traveller's recollections of wild life west of the Missouri." This plan of illustrating magazine articles by the pencil is novel, and certainly attractive.

Knickerbocker is a New York magazine which has obtained celebrity for its poetry and fiction. Some of the most famous of the American poets were introduced to the world through its pages. It is illustrated, like *Putnam's*.

The *Ladies' Companion* has an engraving of Highland ponies, a coloured picture of the fashions, and a variety of prose and poetry contributed by writers known and unknown.

The *National Magazine* has acquired a well-deserved popularity by its engravings. Instead of giving some fancy pictures *à propos* of nothing, it lays before its readers copies of celebrated pictures well worth preserving, and worth more than the cost of the numbers in which they appear.

Russell's Expedition to the Crimea, No. VI., brings the narrative down to April 1855. The Tenth Part of *Routledge's Shakespeare* contains "King Richard the Second."

The *Monthly Review* notices seven new books. The *London University Magazine* takes Mr. Gladstone on Classical Education for its principal text.

The *West of Scotland Magazine* opens with a very sensible article on Minor Domestic Morals, reminding the reader of proprieties we are too apt to forget.

No. II. of *Davenport Dunn*, by Lever, has been sent to us.

Part II. of *Brough's Life of Sir John Falstaff* is illustrated by two of George Cruikshank's most characteristic sketches—one of Sir John Falstaff arrested; the other of Sir John on the ground after the Battle of Shrewsbury.

The *Art-Journal* for August has engravings of Tennant's "Rest at Eve," quite a Claude-like picture; and Mieris's "Teasing the Pet." John Gilbert is the modern artist selected for illustration, and beautiful woodcuts are given of five of his best works.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

A STAR of the second, or third magnitude perhaps, has been withdrawn from the constellation of modern French literati, in the person of M. Eugène Sue, who died at Annecy, Savoy, on the 3rd of August last. The son, grandson, and great-grandson of distinguished physicians, a profession to which he was himself educated, Sue was born in 1801. His father was the medical adviser of the Emperor's first wife, in consequence of which Josephine and her son Eugène stood as his sponsors, the latter giving his name to little Sue, in addition to the honour. Having gone through his course of studies, Eugène Sue entered as army-surgeon, and accompanied the expedition to Spain in 1823. He subsequently exchanged into the navy, visited Asia and America, and was present at the battle of Navarino. After the death of his father, who had left him a considerable fortune, he quitted the service and settled in Paris, and studied painting under Gudin, the celebrated marine painter, and the personal friend of the present Emperor; but, not succeeding to his desire, he took to the pen. This was less a matter of choice than of necessity. The ample patrimony that fell to his lot he had squandered in the most reckless and extravagant manner. His first productions were *vaudevilles*. He wrote, in 1832, "Plick and Plock," "Attar-Gull," and, soon after, "La Coucaratcha," "La Salamandre," and "La Vigie de Coatven." These works had but little success, and his reputation as an author was not greatly increased by his contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue de Paris*, and his more ambitious production, "Histoire de la Marine Française." His romance, "Mathilde, or the Memoirs of a Young Woman," first brought him into notice. Here he captivated a capricious public by making virtue triumphant and vice punished, instead of pursuing his previous course of making vice victorious and virtue crushed to the ground. Perhaps he is best known in this country by his highly successful works, the "Mysteries of Paris," and the "Wandering Jew," which were read throughout the civilised world in the original and translations. The dramatic power displayed in these works is great: their moral tendency is more than doubtful. Communist and Socialistic ideas are woven into their fabric; the vices of the wealthy and educated are exaggerated, as are the virtues and sufferings of the poor. Imagination rather than high taste is the characteristic of Sue's writings. Socialist, he notwithstanding held the democracy in great disdain. All his tendencies were aristocratic, and this was seen in a remarkable degree in his private life. In his little hotel, in the Rue de Rocher, luxury existed rivalling almost the sumptuousness of the East. His tables were covered with objects of art and vertu. The furniture had taxed the utmost art of the cabinet-maker and upholsterer. No vulgar chair or table or hanging found place in the luxurious abode of Eugène Sue. His toilette was made with the utmost care. He was the very pink of literary dandies; but his dandyism avoided vulgarity. Six pairs of white gloves had our Eugène a day to make his calls. At the opera he appeared in his rings and finest linen; he was shod in varnished shoes, and his ankles were encased in open-wrought silk stockings. Wherever he passed he left behind him traces of the most exquisite perfumes. But the dandy began to fade. Of late he stooped, and there was something in his physiognomy which struck those who saw him as partaking of senility and depression of spirits. In 1850 he was elected a member of the National Assembly, which gave some irritation to the party of *ordre*, and apprehensions to the Government. These were groundless, however; he took no prominent part in that body, and had very little influence over it. After the *comp d'état* he retired to Savoy, where he continued writing ("ten hours a day" it has been said), producing the "Memoires d'un Mari," "Cornelia d'Amalfi," and minor *feuilleton* articles. We have already mentioned his "Histoire de la Marine Française." This work had very little success, and entailed no slight loss on the publisher. A few weeks after the publication of this work a disagreeable incident happened to him.

Through the Foreign Office he received a parcel from Toulon with three seals attached to it. He opened it anxiously, and found a small box within, containing a silver medal, on which was engraved an inscription in French:—"To Monsieur Eugène Sue, a token of gratitude from the French Navy." This was engraved in large letters; but under it, in small type, were found the words: "For the History of the French Navy he did not write."

M. Charles Blanc, the brother of the historian of the French Revolution, is about to publish a periodical, consecrated to the plastic arts. No one is more competent as an editor. M. Philartète Charles, on the other hand, is busying himself with founding a work on the plan of the English reviews, in which social questions, still nebulous, shall be investigated. His learning and imagination lead us to expect a production of some mark. Our friend Théophile Gautier has been for some months in St. Petersburg, where he has been employed by the Russian Government in drawing up the text to a work of art. The palace of the Hermitage contains a collection of about four thousand pictures, commenced by Catherine II., and continued by her successors. There are there, above all, two hundred canvasses renowned in the world of art, as stars of the first magnitude. These marvellous pictures are all to be photographed. The price of the collection when published will be 1600 francs (64*l.*), one which will place it beyond the means of purchase of common people. A thousand subscribers have already been received. Gautier lives like a prince. His expenses to the Russian capital were defrayed and his sojourn there for three months; he received in addition thirty thousand francs. Théophile's journal will appear in the *Moniteur*, it is said; but his articles on painting in the *Artiste*.

A second edition has appeared in Paris of the fascinating work written by A. Briere de Boismont—*Des Hallucinations*, &c. ("Hallucinations: a history of apparitions, visions, dreams, ecstasies, of magnetism and somnambulism.") Written by a physician and a philosopher, this work must ever be regarded as an important contribution to psychology. Many of the facts have been told over and over again; many are new to the English reader. The mind which delights in the strange and the marvellous will find abundant food in this volume. On the book-shelf it should stand side by side with Dr. Abercrombie's well-known work on the "Intellectual Powers."

The work of M. Briere de Boismont commences with a definition and division of hallucinations. He then examines hallucinations capable with reason; simple and complicated hallucinations; the hallucinations of monomania, stupidity, and mania; the hallucinations in delirium tremens, nightmare, and dreams. He considers the causes of these hallucination, their pathology and treatment, and considers them finally under a medico-legal point of view. The subject altogether is a most curious and important one; and the book is such as a non-scientific person can read with pleasure and edification. Some of the instances given are sufficiently horrifying; others are amusing. Some of the ghost stories are from English sources, as the apparition to Colonel Gardiner, that to Lord Herbert, and that of the apparition of the father of the Duke of Buckingham. The statement given by Baronius of the apparition of Ficinus to Michael Mercatus, is thus told:

These illustrious friends, after a long conversation on the nature of the soul, made an agreement that the one who should first die should appear to the survivor, if such were possible, and inform him of the conditions of the future life. Some time after, says Baronius, it happened that Michael Mercatus, the elder of the two, was studying philosophy at an early hour in the morning, when suddenly he heard the gallop of a horse, which stopped at his door, and he recognised the voice of his friend Ficinus, who cried: "O Michael! Michael! all these things are true." Surprised at these words, Mercatus arose and went to the window. He perceived his friend, who turned his back to him: he was clad in white, and mounted on a horse of the same colour. Mercatus called out to him, and followed him with his eyes until he disappeared. Soon after he received tidings that Ficinus had died at Florence, at the exact hour of the apparition. The distance that separated them was consi-

derable. An explanation may be given of this apparition, which made a great noise on account of the elevated position of both the parties, by the following circumstances. The study of Plato, and the idea of his friend, determined in Mercatus a hallucination, which was also favoured by the silence of the morning. Baronius relates that Mercatus abandoned all his profane studies, to deliver himself entirely to theology.

Another instance given of this form of hallucination is to the following effect:

M. Bezuél, a young student of fifteen, contracted an intimacy with another young man, named Desfontaines. After a conversation respecting persons who had made a bargain that the dead one should visit the living, they signed such a treaty with their blood, in 1696. Some time afterwards they parted, and Desfontaines went to Caen. In July 1697, M. Bezuél was amusing himself at hay-cutting near the house of a friend, when he was overtaken with illness, which was followed by a bad night. In spite of this indisposition he returned to the field the following day; the same thing occurred. The third day, the attack was more severe. "I lost consciousness," he says. "They came to my aid, but my mind was much more troubled than it had been until then. The people who raised me assured me that, having asked me whether I felt unwell, I had replied to them, 'I have seen what I never believed to have seen.' I recollect neither the question nor the answer: this, nevertheless, agrees with the recollection of an apparition of a man of about the middle height, but whom I did not know. A few minutes afterwards, while mounting a ladder, I perceived, at the foot, my class-fellow Desfontaines. At this sight a dimness came over me, my head fell against the ladder, and I fainted. I was taken down, and placed upon a wooden bench. After I was seated I saw no longer the master of the house or his people, though they were before me, but I saw Desfontaines, who made a sign to me to follow him. I made a movement on one side, as if to give him a place by me. Those who were present, and whom I did not see, although my eyes were open, remarked this movement. As he rested motionless, I rose to meet him; he took my left arm by his right hand and led me some thirty paces distant into a lane, holding me tightly. The servants, thinking that I was perfectly recovered, left me and went to their business, with the exception of a young stable-boy, who went to his master, and told him that I was speaking to myself. The latter thought I was intoxicated; he approached me, heard me put some questions and reply to others, as he has since told me. My conversation with Desfontaines lasted three-quarters of an hour. 'I made an agreement with you,' he said, 'that if I should happen to die first, I should come and tell you so: I was drowned in the Caen river yesterday at this hour, in the company of so and so. It was very warm; the fancy took me to bathe; on entering the water I fainted. The Abbé Meniljean, my companion, plunged into the stream to save me. I seized him by the foot; but whether it was fright, or whether he wished to rise to the surface, he gave me a violent blow on the chest, and allowed me to sink to the bottom of the river, which is very deep at the place.' Desfontaines, continues M. Bezuél, was taller than while alive. I could never distinguish but half his body; he was naked, without a hat, with his fine fair hair, and a white paper on his forehead rolled into his hair, with something written upon it which I could not read.

The celebrated Abbé de Saint-Pierre, who first published this anecdote, vouches for its authenticity, and explains it by natural causes. The apparition and the conversation were reproduced several times, and it is probable that fainting was the cause. Ferriar, a French physician, states, that according to his own experience and that of others, syncope is sometimes preceded by illusions, which are never but the reminiscences of known images. It is certain that the death of Desfontaines was known shortly after Bezuél's hallucination, which makes the case related by Saint-Pierre a little singular. De Boismont enters into the causes of hallucination, and relates many curious and interesting cases in illustration of his arguments. His book may be regarded as a perfect synopsis of the various whimsies, so to speak, that may possess the mind in a state of health and disease. Of course he disposes of the supernatural. He leaves us neither ghosts nor demons, nor the second sight, nor clairvoyance. With one of his anecdotes, regarding hallucination, in night mare and dreams, and one which we do not recollect to have seen before, we take leave of this agreeable author. He is showing how these particular hallucinations are sometimes shown in a sort of epidemic. Dr. Parent is the speaker.

The first battalion of the regiment of Latour-Auvergne, of which I was surgeon-major, being in garrison at Palmi, in Calabria, received orders to depart at midnight from this place, and to advance with all diligence to Tropea to oppose the landing of a hostile flotilla which threatened that coast. It was the month of June; the troop had to pass over nearly forty miles of country; it set out at midnight, and did not arrive at its destination until seven in the evening, having had a slight rest only, and having suffered considerably by the heat of the sun. The soldier found, on arriving, his soup ready and his lodging prepared. As the battalion had come from the most distant point, and was the last to arrive, the worst barracks was assigned to it, and eight hundred men were placed in a *locale* which in ordinary times should not have accommodated half that number. The men laid themselves down on straw, on the ground, and of course were not undressed. It was an old abandoned abbey. The inhabitants told the soldiers that they would not be able to rest in comfort there, because every night it was visited by spirits, and that other regiments had already made the wretched attempt. We laughed at their credulity; but what was our surprise to hear at midnight frightful cries issuing at the same instant from every corner of our barracks, and to see our soldiers rushing forth in the greatest state of alarm! I questioned them upon the subject of their terror, and all replied to me that the devil was in the abbey; that they had seen him enter the door; that his form was that of a large dog with black hair which threw himself upon them, passing over their breasts with the rapidity of lightning, and that he disappeared at the side opposite to that at which he had entered. We made light of their terror, and endeavoured to prove to them that the phenomenon depended upon a cause quite simple and natural, and that they had been deceived in their imagination only. We could not persuade them to re-enter their barracks; they passed the rest of the night dispersed on the seabeach and in corners of the town. The next day I interrogated anew the sub-officers and older soldiers. They assured me that they were not accessible to any sort of fear, that they believed neither in ghosts or goblins, and appeared to me persuaded that the scene of the barracks was not the effect of imagination, but a reality. They were not asleep, they said, when the dog entered; they had seen him, and were almost suffocated when he leapt upon their breasts. We remained all day at Tropea, and, the town being full of troops, we were obliged to have the same lodgment; but we could not persuade the soldiers to lie down without promising to pass the night with them. I laid me down, in short, at half-past eleven with the chief of the battalion; the officers, through curiosity, were dispersed in the various chambers. We never expected to see re-enacted the scene of the previous night. The soldiers, reassured by the presence of their officers, who watched, went to sleep; when, about one in the morning, and in every chamber at once, the cries of the preceding night were renewed, and the men, who had seen the same dog leaping upon their breasts, fearing to be suffocated, left the barracks never to enter it again. The hostile flotilla standing off, we returned the next day to Palmi. Since this event we have marched over the whole kingdom of Naples, in every season; our soldiers have been similarly lodged; but the phenomenon was never reproduced.

The presumption is, that the forced march of the soldiers in a hot day, by fatiguing the organs of respiration, had weakened them and disposed them to suffer nightmare, favoured further by the straightened limits in which they were obliged to lie down with their clothes on, by the rarefaction of the air, and perhaps by the mixture of some noxious gas.

Among recent French publications we observe another volume from the pen of Michelet—*Henri IV. et Richelieu*. The history opens in 1598, at that short moment of triumph and of peace, when the King had conquered his kingdom internally by the defeat of the League and the Edict of Nantes, externally by the peace of Vervins with Spain. It terminates in 1628, at the singular crisis where Richelieu, after having thought it necessary to crush the Protestants at La Rochelle, to give peace to the nation, is obliged to make a foreign alliance to preserve France from the House of Austria. This volume is full of brilliant and happy pages. We have a vivid picture of the times he describes, and of the actors who appear upon the stage during this memorable epoch, executed with great tact and talent.

Victor de Nouvion has sent forth his first volume of the *Histoire du règne de Louis-Philippe I., Roi des Français (1830-1848)*. This author is not to be compared in brilliancy and effect with Michelet; but he writes a useful and agreeable history, and with impartiality. He is not led away by hatred or affection. The faults of the government of Charles X., the first acts of Louis-Philippe, find in him not only an exact narrator, but a calm and equitable judge. In the litera-

ture of the imagination, nothing much has appeared lately in France or Germany. Daniel Stern has produced an historical drama—*Jeanne d'Arc*; and Madame the Marchioness de La-grange, has written a pleasant novel, *La Résinière d'Arcachon*, and a romance of contemporary manners, *Les Pigeons de la Bourse*. In Germany have appeared *Maria Theresia und ihre Zeit* ("Maria Louisa and her Times"), a historical romance, and *Der Augenblick des Glücks* (the Moment of Luck), by F. W. Hacklander, both of which works are well spoken of.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Aug. 12.

ACCORDING to reports in high places, their Majesties have returned from Osborne delighted with their trip; delighted with the country, the recent rains having given the lovely landscapes which abound in the Isle of Wight all the enchanting freshness of spring; and, above all, more thoroughly devoted to the alliance with England than ever. This last branch of the sentence of course refers to the Emperor alone, who is understood to have been greatly pleased by the shrewd, clear common-sense of Lord Palmerston, set off by his off-hand frankness of manner, which is said to have been very conspicuous amid the decorous party. *Auriste*, Louis Napoleon was well acquainted with his Lordship before, but would appear to have seen more of him during this brief visit than on any previous occasion; for, strange to say, during the period of the Emperor's long residence in London previous to the Revolution of 1848, they never exchanged a word together, though Napoleon for some time occupied the house next to his Lordship's then residence on Carlton-terrace. But Lord Palmerston was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the Prince was a pretender to the French Crown (with how small a chance of succession to his poor mole-eyed mortals!)—respective positions which might have rendered personal acquaintance of any kind embarrassing to both. At that time, however, few suspected that the scarcely-noticed exile would shortly become the chief of one of the greatest nations in Europe, and as few comprehended the grasp of mind and the indomitable will of which Napoleon III. has shown himself the possessor since his accession to sovereign power. To return, however, to his late visit, it was felt at once that every political difficulty at Constantinople, or elsewhere, if any existed, would vanish between the two Governments; and the fact was made manifest before he had been twelve hours in England, when it was known here that the threatening rupture between the diplomatists in the Turkish capital had ceased. So much for half an hour's quiet converse between men of sense disposed to be conciliatory, backed by the celerity of the electric wires.

All sorts of rumours are of course afloat here as to the private conversations said to have taken place at Osborne, of which it is scarcely too much to say, not a soul in Paris can know one word. The Legitimists insist that the Imperial admiration for the beauties of the Isle of Wight point to a probable retreat in that quiet and lovely nook of earth, in case of a catastrophe like that which hurled the last King from his throne. No human being can tell what events are in store for France; but Napoleon will terribly belie his character, should another revolution occur, if he yield his crown like Charles X. or Louis-Philippe. His fiercest enemies will admit him to be made of sterner stuff.

On the subject of political gossip and scandal, a considerable sensation has been created here by the anecdotes given about France, and events in this country, in the journal kept by T. Raikes, Esq. He was known in Paris as one of those violent Legitimists whose pseudo-fanaticism led him to believe any absurd invention against Louis-Philippe and his family, and hence the Parisians, who delight in quizzing originals of this cast, were never weary of supplying him with materials for his "Journal;" the keeping of which he made no secret of. A well-known Countess, living in the Faubourg St. Germain, is said to have frequently amused her friends by the impromptu inventions she used gravely to relate as facts occurring in the Tuileries, which were all greedily swallowed by *le pauvre Anglais*, as her Ladyship constantly designated Mr. R., though other persons in the room could scarcely keep their countenance from the audacious style of the mystification played off upon him. There was some mixture of malice in making him the butt of this species of pleasantry, because, having no connection whatever with this aristocratic party, he was rather looked upon as a spy from the enemy's camp, and the anecdotes they gave him were for the most part so extravagant as to carry with them a sneer at his understanding, as well as at his credulity. His repeating these stories in Paris rather procured him a character for credulity. As, however, his friends have been so injudicious as to draw attention towards him by the publication of his "Journals," it is but just that the English public should know in what light he was regarded in Paris. It is to be hoped his notes on English society are somewhat better founded.

Great as is the dissimilarity between the character and genius of the literature of England and that of France, there is still greater difference between the *littérateurs* of both countries, their private characters, and last, but not least, their professional emoluments. While actors and artists in France have abjured all the wild ways that used formerly to be ascribed to them, the literary confraternity distinguishes itself by its extravagant disregard of the proprieties of life, and by generally carrying into practice the peculiar theories on morals and life in general which they develop so fully in their writings.

About ten or fifteen years ago, when the heroes of the *feuilleton* held in France a position which is only equalled by the writers in the *Times* at the present day—when the public read the *Débats* for the sake of the "Mystères de Paris," which that somewhat prudish journal first gave to the world—the prince of the *feuilleton* was *Eugène Sue*, whose death has just taken place under rather melancholy circumstances. But of this more presently. He was succeeded by Alexandre Dumas, whose interminable "Trois Mousquetaires," although less objectionable, had, if possible, still greater popularity. The success of these two writers gave an immense impulse to the trade of the *feuilleton*; and, in the same way as young lawyers' clerks in England nurse hopes of rising to eminence like Yorke, Sugden, Jervis, and other celebrities of the bench and bar, there was hardly a youth at school who did not indulge in visions of an existence of Eastern luxury on the proceeds of his pen.

To give your readers an idea of the numbers who depend upon their pen for their bread in France, it may be said that if they were piled upon the top of one another they could hardly avoid forming a column several miles in height; it may also be added, that, supposing such an operation to be performed, the undermost would assuredly not feel more uncomfortable than the poor devils who occupy the lower steps of the scale. The *Société des Gens de Lettres*, a body against which it has been urged that it is named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, numbers above five hundred members. Many of these, it is true, have about as much knowledge of literature as a first Lord of the Admiralty of seamanship; but the greater part belong to that arid profession in which profit and distinction are difficult of attainment. But our object is not to grow sentimental on the woes of literary men. We intend this as a kind of retrospective trade circular, mentioning the best "houses," and the prices at which they supply "articles," ready-made or "to order."

The first literary workman of the age is unquestionably M. Victor Hugo. The easy elegance of Emile Augier, the laboured platitude of M. Ponsard, and the pompous dunkeyism of M. Belmontel—all of which ill-advised friends of these good men, but eleventh-rate poets, have had the impertinence to compare to the real grandeur, true poetry, and Pindaric ring of Hugo's verse—have only served to show the public the immeasurable distance between them. They are in truth as different from one another

Ut matrona meretrix dispar erit atque
Discolor.

In a pecuniary point of view, however, these gentlemen make more by their mediocrity than Hugo by his genius. The minimum price of a volume from his pen is 10,000f. (400l.); and, including all that he ever wrote, he has not produced anything like a volume a year.

Alexandre Dumas the elder is paid at an exorbitant rate, which fully explains the peculiarity of his style. Whole pages of his novels consist of lines of half a dozen words each, thus—

"Vous l'avez vu?"

"Oui."

"Quand?"

"Hier."

"Le matin ou le soir?"

"Le soir."

According to Dumas's reckoning, the above would form six lines. He is now paid invariably the same price, irrespective of the moral of the work—thirteen sous, or sixpence, a line—the length of the line being always left at his discretion. M. Dumas has made the fortune of several publishers, and, but for his habits of disorder and improvidence, would have made his own long ago. At his *début* he was very indifferently remunerated. His first effort was a vaudeville, written in partnership with two boon companions, which brought him in four francs per night. It was performed at the Ambigu for a very few nights; its title was "La Chasse et l'Amour." Within a few years of this inauspicious commencement his play of "Henri III." brought him in two thousand pounds. To sum up, it is calculated that Monsieur Dumas has received, since he first commenced his lucrative business, not less than forty thousand pounds. He has, however, not only spent every farthing of it, but owes a sum so fabulous that I cannot bring myself to repeat its amount. Owing to pressure of time and space, I must postpone details until a future occasion; but the following table will give your readers a fair idea of the commercial value of the various writers:—

Victor Hugo averages 10,000 francs per volume each edition.
George Sand receives 1 franc per line (10d.).

Alexandre Dumas (senior), 65 centimes per line (6d.).
 Paul Féval receives from 15 to 50 centimes per line (1½d. to 5d.).
 Edmond About is not paid by the line, and keeps his transactions quiet.
 Gozlan does any kind of work. His maximum price for a book is 50l.; but for a magazine article he will take what he can get—as little as 3l.
 Eugène Sue used to receive fabulous sums for his works. The "Mystères de Paris" brought him in alone 400,000 francs. He never worked to order.
 Further details in my next.

GERMANY.

Spinoza's sämtliche Werke. Aus dem Lateinischen, mit dem Leben Spinoza's, von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Stuttgart. 5 vols.

THE habit of modern days is for declamatory theologians, and for declaimers and sciolists generally, to speak of books they have never read or seen, and, reckless, impudent, and uncharitable in proportion to their ignorance, to fulminate against the authors of such books charges of impiety and Atheism. We know a living writer who has devoted the whole force and fervour of his being to the refutation of Atheism, to warfare with Atheism of every kind, who is constantly classed by dunces and divines with the very unbelievers whose doctrines he puts on his armour every day to refute. How frequently Carlyle's name figures along with the names of the vilest, vulgarest materialists, though Carlyle has persistently lifted up his potent voice to call his brethren away from a morbid, mischievous scepticism to the eternal realities, in the presence of which the wrath and the wickedness of men are alike impotent. We had once a brief controversy in a periodical with a shallow and self-sufficient personage, who wished to prove that a certain philosopher was an Atheist, because no formula of Theism could be found in his writings exactly satisfactory to the accuser. You do not believe in a horse, because you do not define a horse in the exact terms employed by a jockey! Who has suffered so much from the systematic representation of bigots as Spinoza? There was brave and generous rebuke of the calumnies heaped on Spinoza's glorious grave in a recent pamphlet by Professor Ferrier. But, notwithstanding such rebukes and such vindications, we shall long continue to hear the old slanders and the old lies. To smite foul falsehoods down is less our present design, than to urge on every earnest thinker the necessity of doing in England for Spinoza what has already been valiantly, honestly, and efficiently done in Germany and in France. His life should be impartially written, his system should be diligently and intelligently studied, and his books should be translated. Though not abounding in incident, his life has a singular interest: first for its being so eminently that of a saint and a sage; secondly, from its entire harmony with his teachings; thirdly, from the strangely attractive and propagandist power which it exerted in spite of its obscurity and loneliness, for it was from thoroughly loving and believing Spinoza that many became converts to his faith; and, lastly, from the persecutions he underwent, and which he bore so cheerfully and so courageously. We should find rare in all history a man who has been a pure philosopher, and that only without parade, without ascetic severity, without stoical exaggeration. How clearly Spinoza was that pure philosopher! His was the perennial joy of calm and colossal thought—a joy which, however exalted and serene, yet did not frown on the common joys of the multitude. The philosopher, like the poet, is born—not made. Our vocation is determined by our individuality, and our happiness by our temperament. Spinoza did not begin by creating his principles, and then choose his path: he gathered his principles on the path to which his instincts led him, and there also he gathered his supreme, untroubled bliss. Hence both the strength and the weakness of Spinozism. It is too exclusively philosophical. As a theory of the Universe, it may be perfect; but it seizes the poor mortal in whose bosom passions burn with an iron grasp: it oppresses him with a dungeon gloom. Logically, we have seen no successful attempt at a refutation of Spinozism; logically, it is probable that it never will be refuted. But our human feelings rise up in rebellion against it. In speculative daring, in organic completeness, in deductive stringency, it is unequalled; it is the sublimest, most victorious effort to represent God

as Mind, and Mind only; and as Mind, and Mind only, Spinoza transcended every other philosopher. It would be more strictly accurate, therefore, to speak of him as a Theist than a Pantheist, since Pantheism implies a poetic heaven—a poetic clothing—for which the intellect of Spinoza was at once too frigid, too rigid, and too barren. But how repulsive to us is an Infinite Intellect! It is something cruel, ghastly, and unbending, that has no relation to our nature or our needs. The antipathy, therefore, to Spinozism can be easily understood, and, to a certain extent, sympathised with. Essentially Spinoza said nothing but what had been said in many passages of Scripture, and by numerous Christian mystics. But he said it with no throb of emotion, with no glow of phantasy. The basis of religion is submission to the inevitable; poor human beings, broken and bound and bleeding, discover too soon those tragical limits beyond which they see that it is ever madness to rush. If they perceive, however, that those limits are marked, are built by a living God, by a God whom they can call Father and Friend, to whose knees they can cling, to whose pity they can pray, instead of despairing they rejoice. But an Omnipotent Mind, cold, remote, inexorable, frightens them more than the rankest, blindest materialism. There is just as little Fatalism in the Spinozistic ideas as in the Christian or any other religious ideas. Spinoza cannot even be regarded as a predestinarian. He neither recognised the force of circumstances nor a foreign and despotic Fate, nor the decrees of Providence. He simply maintained that the Mind of the Universe, having certain immutable attributes, would never lay aside or modify these attributes, and must invariably act in accordance with them. The opponents of Spinoza admit the immutability, yet quarrel with the deduction, and would introduce as Leibnitz did, a margin of contingency. They think that they thereby vindicate God and save the moral freedom of the human race. They do neither; they merely render Atheism possible and justifiable, and surround and complicate morality with metaphysical difficulties from which it is of itself exempt. What is the margin of contingency but the domain of chance; and if chance is allowed to claim any portion of the territory, where are its conquests to stop? In morality all that is divine is done from a heroic impulse which knows nothing of abstractions. And even in the common relations of the community, into which no heroism comes, where is the robust human conscience ever found pestered, perplexing itself with casuistries or sophistries? Duty, responsibility, too overwhelmingly penetrate it, remorse too grimly overshadows it, to permit any scholastic subtleties to intrude. Endless and most profitless debate would have been saved on these matters if it had been at once perceived that, while religion has metaphysical bearings and affinities, morality has none. Action has been recommended as a cure for doubt: but better would it be more comprehensively to assert that action and doubt are incompatible. The more there is of valiant will, the less it asks itself the foolish question whether it is free. Weak men and weak ages grow sceptical, and incapable of action altogether, they crucify themselves interrogating whether this or that deed be wrong. Still we admit that Spinozism would be dangerous as a moral guide; yet so also would be anything solely philosophical or solely mystical; dangerous, not as conducting to positive vice, but as paralysing the moral energies. They who take Spinozism for counsellor and companion will be pure, lofty, tranquil, contemplative, cheerful, like Spinoza himself. Without being selfish, or sensual, or seeking worldly advantages or honours, they will be quietly conservative and dwell in thought as in their truest home. Spinozism immensely raises the soul that it gains perfect empire over; the evil is, that it raises it too much; raises it to airy heights whence the affairs of earth seem too trifling to be cared for or mingled in. Practically, however, there is no danger from Spinozism, which is so abstruse that it can never reach either the people or the people's teachers. Spinoza's greatest work would demand the sustained, strenuous, and solitary meditation of years; and how few will ever have time or temper for such prolonged contemplation? You cannot read Spinoza as you would read an ordinary author; you must wrestle with him for his meaning, not from any defect of style, but from the closeness of his reasoning, from his stupendous compression, and from the miracu-

lous concatenation of his system, the whole of which requires to be deliberately viewed at every fresh proposition. This labour excites, it never exhausts; for all but thorough disciples, however, it is too absorbing. The prejudices about Spinoza as a writer are almost as absurd as those about him as a philosopher. He has been supposed as a philosopher to deny God, when in reality he gives such vast predominance to God, as to efface everything else; and he has been supposed as a writer to be obscure, confused, and dull, when in reality he is clear, concise, most vigorous, most suggestive. He wrote little. His works in Bruder's edition, now easily procurable, fill three small volumes. They are not all alike interesting and important; but they should all be read, as they have all an intimate connection with each other. It is known how, starting from Cartesianism, he evolved a system remarkable for independence, originality, and compactness. The outcry against Spinoza came at first, not from honest bigots, but from angry Cartesians, who did not like to see their master dethroned, and who liked still less to see wrenched from their hands a philosophy which lent itself to the most craven compromises. The popular philosophy will always be that which enables men to be philosophers without peril or cost. Would Coleridge's compound of cant, drivel, and plagiarism have been accounted philosophy unless it had been a shelter and a shield to the dastards? Spinoza's philosophy was not aggressive, but it was uncompromising. It might encourage courtesy to forms and institutions, yet nothing more than courtesy if the heart dissented from them—no ostentatious championship, no energetic ministry. Be an intense Spinozist, and you have no call within you to be a reformer; but you do not stand in the way of reform; you do not identify yourself with anything retrogressive; you simply say that the regeneration will come in God's good time. There may be often here unconscious indolence or indifference; how much more operative, however, is the sense of humility and incapacity, as if one insignificant individual could do so little where God can do so much. We shall praise or blame such disposition and such conduct according to the value which we attach to the influence of a brave example. There are periods when it is by the culmination of undaunted and devoted individualities alone that the community can be saved;—then the Spinozist creed is pernicious. There are periods when things are slowly ripening to a general outburst of vitality, to which undaunted and devoted individualities would be manifestly obstructions, however beautiful and noble in themselves;—then the Spinozist creed is salutary and sagacious. Itself catholic, it can serve as preparation to religious catholicity; but for puritanic sectarianisms, for fanatical fervours, it has a profound abhorrence, and with these it would class any moral earnestness in a particular direction. Adoring Supreme Reason, it would offer ever to Supreme Reason a reasonable service. Spinoza shrank from proselytising; his disciples shrink still more. They conceal, they guard the Master's words as a sacred treasure, which it would be impious to show to the mass of mankind. It is a proof that we ourselves are not Spinozists, that we are desirous of obtaining a wider publicity for Spinoza and his utterances. Philosophy as a thing apart is not the truth—is not even a portion of the truth. We are not philosophers, and we cannot avow a preference which we do not feel for one system of philosophy over another. Spinozism lends itself abundantly and gladly to what is most contemplative in the religious life. Therein is a foremost portion of its mighty mission. But from life as a fecund universality it is broadly severed. How foolish, then, to accuse it of being a deification of Nature, when Nature is precisely that which we most miss in it. Idealism, spiritualism, to the most intangible degree, it divorces us so entirely from a moving, breathing world, that we find it almost impossible to enter that moving, breathing world again. On this very account do we behold a field for it in England. We are enthralled in England by a Baconianism not of the most poetic, but of the most prosaic character. Now, though poetic Baconianism is infinitely interesting, prosaic Baconianism is unspeakably detestable. It cannot be said that the effect of this prosaic Baconianism is in England counteracted by the study of Plato. Where is Plato read except at the Universities? And he is read at the Universities no further than the examinations make it indispensable. In Plato,

also, how much is sophistry—how much is mere rhetoric—how little is real philosophy! If Spinoza was the greatest of modern thinkers, can we equally say that Plato was the greatest of ancient thinkers? If the historians and critics of philosophy were to speak out, would they admit Plato's title to be classed with primordial thinkers? Plato may or may not be unrivalled as a prose writer: he may or may not be the most accomplished of literary artists: let his admirers assert that he is, we are in no mood to dispute with them; but that in pure, in profound thought many have transcended him we are firmly convinced. Now, it will not do to let the battle for ever be in England between a prosaic Baconianism and a meagre Platonism. Better that there should be no battle, and that a poetic Baconianism and an idealist Spinozism should achieve, as allies, the spiritual redemption of England. Bacon and Spinoza need each other: they complete each other. At present energetic endeavours are made to introduce into England a still more prosaic Baconianism than that to which the English, left to themselves, are inclined—the Positive Philosophy. Auguste Comte, a most sincere and estimable, but very vain man, can scarcely be aware of the low and leprous trash that is taught in his name. He reads every day two chapters of the *Imitation of Christ* by Thomas a Kempis, and he is so persuaded that religion is indispensable to man that he would set up the worship of man himself—a religion of humanity. His desires and designs are thoroughly noble, however he may be mistaken about the means. There is a dissertation on Woman in one of his latest and largest works, which, though distinguished by his usual pedantry, pomposity, prolixity, and puerility, is exceedingly chivalrous in its idea and intention. Yet Positivism, as expounded in England, is an immoderate materialism, conducting to immoderate bestiality, and the pure-hearted, simple-hearted Comte would blush for it. Comte is obviously very capricious in his choice of heroes, since he selects Louis XI. as one; but his earnest wish to do justice to the great men and to the great religious systems of the past is unmistakable. No one could utter warmer words of praise on the Catholicism of the Middle Ages in connection with the feudal institutions generally. How little of the same spirit has been manifested by his followers here! Comte in England has simply succeeded to the throne of Thomas Paine, which, considering Comte's scientific eminence and exalted character, is deplorable enough. We deem it an act of common justice, though holding opinions directly the opposite of Comte's, to shield as far as we can the worthy, though conceited, crotchety, and often silly prophet of the new faith, from the opprobrium which would be his through identifying him with the wretched stuff preached as Positivism to our English mechanics. The fair way of treating him would be to translate his books; for even his very diffuseness is a characteristic that cannot be dispensed with in our judgment of him. It is in his diffusiveness—in what it would be irreverent, though not unjust, to call his twaddle—that so much that is amiable and tender unexpectedly and delightfully assails us.

Abridge, condense him, you leave out the man's childlike kindness of nature and instinctive, unaffected piety. Meanwhile, whatever may be Comte's Positivism, it is undoubted that a Positivism ribald and revolting is making at this hour rapid way around us. Now, how is it met by the adherents of the ancient theological faiths? By the most sluggish apathy or the most indiscriminate abuse. The one hand clutches the fat benefice, and the other fumbles in the statute-book for the laws against blasphemy. The spectacle is sad, and would inspire despair if God did not send forth better apostles, more martyr souls, than those of the Churches. And what is the work of those intrepid apostles and of those martyr souls? To proclaim by word and by deed fidelity to things everlasting, whatever may be the fate of ecclesiastical and other institutions. So proclaiming, they accept Spinoza as potent co-operator. It is not sufficient to demonstrate, as he has so magnificently and triumphantly demonstrated, Eternal and Immutable Mind; for the human breast yearns for more than this. But how important it is to demonstrate Eternal and Immutable Mind in contrast to those laws of matter which the followers of Comte and Comte set up as gods. Two words we excrete in relation to the universe and its invisible principle of life—law and cause. Howsoever

used, these words, in such relation, must ever and inevitably bring atheism, darkness, despair. Shuddering at the deification of nature, what hosts of our countrymen are yet the deifiers of law and of cause! To overthrow this fatal deification, we do not say that the wise and weighty words of Spinoza would alone be enough; but their effect could not fail to be immense. Even, however, without reference to any missionary purpose, with reference simply to the progress of a more comprehensive philosophy amongst us, we yearn for the appearance of Spinoza's works in an English garb. The Theologico-Political Treatise was translated a long time ago; the Treatise on Politics more recently. But it is not in these that Spinoza's grandeur as a philosopher can be seen. His essay on the Culture of the Understanding is unfortunately a fragment; but it is the best introduction to his whole philosophical system. It and Spinoza's letters ought to be well studied before the "Ethik" is approached. As simple discipline, and whatever conclusions we may come to about Spinozism, the perusal of the "Ethik" will be to every one of ample and enduring advantage. The geometrical form of exposition has been blamed. It undoubtedly checks and narrows the flow of Spinoza's thought. But how athletic it renders the persistent intellect! How it arms it for all subsequent encounters of thought, however terrible or tedious!

The translation into German by Auerbach of Spinoza's entire works has every merit that a translation can have—faithfulness, spirit, idiomatic ease. They who are not acquainted with Latin, but who know German, will do well to familiarise themselves with Auerbach. The translation is preceded by the best account of Spinoza's life that has yet been written. These little volumes contain, besides the biography, the Principles of Cartesianism as expounded by Spinoza, the Theologico-Political Treatise, the "Ethik," the Treatise on Politics, the Essay on the Culture of the Understanding, the Letters. A Hebrew Grammar, which Spinoza wrote, but of no value now except as a curiosity, has properly enough been omitted. Two still more remarkable curiosities the ardent Spinozists do not quite despair of recovering—a Discourse on the Devil and a Portfolio of Sketches by the famous philosopher. Drawing and smoking were almost the only relaxations that Spinoza allowed himself; and we must confess that, feeling still deeper interest in Spinoza than in his writings, we should travel far to see the Portfolio of Sketches if it could be found, all the more that one of them was a picture of himself in some fanciful dress. The first of the volumes before us contains a portrait of Spinoza. We have seen three or four portraits of him, none of them very like each other. Still, they all correspond to the notion of his character which we receive from his history and his books. Contemplation is there and calm, and a resigned and cheerful soul, and an indomitable resolve when resolve is needed.

ATTICUS.

History of the Nineteenth Century since the Congress of Vienna ("Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts seit den Wiener Verträgen"). By G. G. GERVINUS. Vols. I. and II. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams and Norgate. In few departments of literature is Germany's wealth more conspicuous than in the historical; and, assuredly, in none has she exercised a profounder influence on the Republic of Letters. This influence is due to her discovery, not merely of fresh evidence (vast as the results of that discovery have been), but of a new method, by which all evidence may be tried, and its revelations amplified—even, so to speak, against its will. For the system of analytic criticism which submits every document to the tests of philology and of style, which weighs every passage by the character and the range of the ideas developed in the work of which it forms a part, and examines every writer by the light of the age in which he lived, is essentially German. And the application of this system is gradually changing the whole face of historical literature:—and who shall say how much of the face of Europe itself?

Yet, strange to say, both England and France can show a far richer store of histories—in the general acceptance of the term—than Germany!

By a history we understand the biography either of a nation or of an epoch. And the true object of a biography is to present us with a faithfully individualized portrait of its subject; a

portrait which, like Raphael's Julius II., shall not merely give us the dress, the features, and the bearing, but shall also admit us into the tone of thought, the guiding motives, the intellectual tendencies, the moral character in short, of that subject. Now, we should have great difficulty in pointing out many German histories which fulfil these conditions. We find in these histories, for the most part, only materials for some future historian to work out. We find facts examined and evidence sifted with marvellous acuteness. We find isolated events and characters, hitherto misdrawn or misplaced by artists working in an uncertain twilight, restored to their just proportions and position, with a patient research and a passionless sagacity which seem almost to belong to some world where intellect lives apart from all those material influences which affect it elsewhere. But the colouring, the individuality, the unity, of a biographical portrait we do not find. A series of highly-finished studies of distinct features and limbs has passed under our review; but the conception of any personality as their owner entirely escapes us.

The source of this defect in German histories, which so materially limits their practical value by circumscribing the number of their readers, seems inherent in the national character as actually constituted. Placed in a society whose intellectual life is remarkably active, while its political is as remarkably sluggish, the German mind remains untouched by those concentrating and individualising influences—the influences of party—which pervade the air breathed by the Englishman and the Frenchman from their childhood upwards. The reverence for pure "objective" truth, which forms his strength and his weakness, suffers no distortion in the medium in which the German works. And this reverence is such that he generally fears to venture on appreciating the facts he handles, or colouring the outline he has drawn, lest he should introduce into his labours too much of that "subjective" element which his canons of criticism teach him to shun. Hence, where German history is anything more than learned and wearisome detail, we find it, but too often, a confusing tendency to paradox,—an endeavour to attach all its phenomena to some abstract theory, based on principles so sublimated that the German eye believes it can follow them up, in direct continuity, to Truth's very source.

When we cut the pages of Gervinus's *History of the Nineteenth Century* we felt sure that we held in our hands a work free from the defects above alluded to; and for this belief we had trustworthy guarantees, one of which presented itself at the first page we opened. This page bears the dedication of the work to the author's "revered master and paternal friend" F. C. Schlosser; the venerated pupil of the most illustrious of those few German historians who do write history may surely be fairly presumed a faithful adherent to the example of his preceptor. But we possessed a far safer guaranty for our conviction in the antecedents of the man himself. Herr Gervinus has evinced, from his youth upwards, a strong practical energy united to his powerful speculative turn. Into the path which he illustrates he forced his own way—forced it too through the thorny obstructions of a destiny otherwise marked out, and of, it is said, paternal opposition. He fitted himself for entering the university during hours stolen from the wearying mental treadmill of a merchant's office. He prepared himself for the professor's chair in the scant leisure of a school-usher. But even when the first step in this career had been taken by his qualifying as a private tutor (Privat-docent) at Heidelberg, his active mind craved stronger nutriment than such a sphere of duty could supply. He set out on a literary tour to Italy, the results of which appeared, later, under the form of a volume of "Historic Miscellanies." To Dahlmann's discerning recommendation he owed an invitation to fill the Professorship of History and Literature at Göttingen; and this appointment was a turning-point in Gervinus's destinies; for to it was due his translation from the calm cloudless ether of literature to the troubled, tempest-riven atmosphere of politics. As one of the seven Professors who protested (in 1837) against King Ernest Augustus's violation of the Hanoverian constitution, Gervinus found himself deposed, indeed, from his cathedra, but installed in an elevated place in public opinion. It was now that he completed his grand work (commenced in 1835), the "History of the National Poetic Literature of Germany," to

which, by a profound though occasionally a forced connection traced between the literary and the political life of his country, he gave a bearing upon the actualities of the present, which its title scarcely seemed to suggest.

In 1844 Gervinus was nominated to an honorary Professorship at Heidelberg, where, in co-operation with Professors Mittermeier and Häusser, he founded the "Deutsche Zeitung," as the exponent of that theory of Prussian Hegemony which has long been so dear to Conservative and Protestant Germany. In the breathless hurry of that revolutionary epoch which we now look back upon as upon a fevered dream, the "Deutsche Zeitung" soon found itself, instead of the exponent of a theory, the organ of a party. But its dignified and earnest exhortations could not long make themselves heard amid the din of snapping fetters and crashing thrones. Profoundly pained by the bitter *déillusionnements* of his short political career, Gervinus retired again into his quiet study. Here, amid the heroic spirits which people the Elysium of the past, he sought to revivify that respect for humanity which the experiences of the present had so deeply wounded; and he whom he singled out as best fitted for that noble office was our own Shakespeare. Of this "mighty master" he made a profound and elaborate study, holding him up to Germany as a type of that character in which Germany is so poor—of the man *der immer weiss was er will*, who always knows what he is striving after, and fixes a steady eye on the goal he resolves to win. At the same time Gervinus determined to read his country a clearer lesson still in the history of "that time of deception and lies, of congresses and protocols, of persecutions and conspiracies, of hopes and disappointments," which had so fitly prepared her for the catastrophes of 1849. The persecution drawn upon our author by his "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century" is well known, as are doubtless the rare merits of that work itself. Our recollection of that law of historic evolution with which the "Introduction" opens, inspired, we confess, some slight misgivings when the "History" itself first reached us. We dreaded the possibility of finding in it an addition to that numerous class of German histories already alluded to as "the paradoxical." Let us hasten to say that this dread was speedily removed. No trace of paradox mars the earnest and profound pages of the work before us. No timidity of appreciation, no "objective" horror of marked outline and decided colouring, restrains the firm nervous hand of the master. On the contrary, a fearless decision in judging individuals no less than events is one of the valuable characteristics of this invaluable book. We feel that we are reviewing the past under the guidance of a man of deep and intense convictions, as well as of massive erudition and unswerving conscientiousness. Not in the faintest tint is the strong truthful colouring modified by any craving for popularity, any deference to the conventional, any awe of person or power. The judgment pronounced on the living Metternich is as calmly severe as that on the dead Napoleon. The censure of quietism and inaction is no less stern when his own countrymen are its object, than when provoked by the indolence of the South.

As far as published, Gervinus's history is professedly devoted to "the period of reaction," embracing the six years 1815—1820. But in reality the first of the two volumes before us is almost entirely occupied by an elaborate survey of the immediate antecedents to this reaction; the Restoration, the Congress of Vienna, and the "preparatory intellectual movement" commonly known as the *Romantic*. The last chapter of this volume presents us with a highly finished picture of the social, moral, and economical state of Austria at the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars; and the second volume passes in similar review (with the addition of their political history during the period mentioned) Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and Russia. As the dominant characteristic of the entire panorama is reaction, England is, doubtless, honourably reserved for a distinct treatment and a separate volume.

The execution of the whole is carried out with that exhaustive elaboration which renders German history so valuable, and in most instances so fatiguing. From this latter reproach Herr Gervinus is not always free. His style is, as a general rule, laboured and ponderous. We meet with sentences of half a closely printed page in

length, and a mere glance at the paucity of full-stops which distinguishes the whole work is enough to take away the breath of a narrow-shouldered man. But the intrinsic and urgent interest of the epoch under review carries off a good deal of the tedium one might otherwise feel. And the striking portraits and parallels with which the laborious narrative is plentifully interspersed, serve materially to lighten the picture and enhance its effects. It is in such composition, indeed, that Herr Gervinus particularly excels; and we shall not be surprised, after the work is completed, to see his picture gallery presented as a separate volume, with claims to a far wider popularity than the history itself can hope to attain.

In order to give the reader an idea of the style and the elevation of thought which characterises this book, we lay before him here the judgment on Napoleon, with which the first volume opens:

The *grand empire* of Napoleonic dominion over Europe had collapsed in consequence of the battle of Leipzig; the French empire and the imperial dynasty had been entangled in its fall, in consequence of the surrender of Paris. The great man of two centuries, who had found Europe too small a stage for his deeds, fell back into the narrow limits of a small island. It was a destiny full of tragic grandeur. And never has tragic poetry represented in more distinct characters than history did here, that lesson of self-avenging guilt, that our own disposition and our own actions are the most accurate fashioners of our own destinies. In the sincerity of passion Napoleon boasted that his pride of spirit had raised him to his lofty height; in the calmness of resignation he would have been compelled to allow that to it also did he owe his fall. Grown up amid the ideas and the facts of the French revolution, kept pure from its crimes, endowed with the force of intellect to recognise as well its truths as its errors, he had become, during a season of internal and external dissolution, the saviour of France, and seemed called to be the gatherer of the great harvest of the century, the benefactor of Europe, the founder of a new arrangement of the future. The world believed him qualified for this vocation, and so did he himself. To hear him in the days when he was able to go over the calculation of his life, one would suppose that the grand object of his endeavours had been to mediate between princes and people, to unite free institutions with monarchical forms, to seal for ever the cave of revolutionary storms, to put an end to the rotten state of things inherited from the past, to bring into force all the sound political principles of the new age, and in regenerated Europe to found the "empire of Reason." To accidents, such as the hostility of the elements in Russia, he attributed the non-accomplishment of this regeneration. Had he been capable of descending with sincerity into the recesses of his own breast, he would have confessed that it was not these accidents which, crossing his paths and disturbing his aim, had led him to destruction; it was the paths chosen themselves. Had he raised up in his own country a great example of education for freedom and for prosperity, by uniting the blessings of an inflexible dominion of the laws to the benefits of his legislation, the independence and free movement of the members politic to the order of his administrative institutions; had he striven to base the power of France on a fruitful development in time, his own immortality on the internal requirements of the age, the example thus given would, of a verity, have promised to Europe a new youth. But as soon as these benefits were to be procured by coercion, as soon as Napoleon placed his glory in arms and the happiness of France in the dominion over Europe, these great aims, if ever conceived, were not only missed but abandoned. For in this way the ancient chasm between people and ruler could only be rent wider, not bridged over; and all the qualities of both the moral, the intellectual, the civil, must necessarily still further decay and deteriorate. The old demoralisation of the people, which had been increased by the example of the Bourbon court; the ferocity which had gained new vigour amid the horrors of the revolution, could not in this way be corrected; amid political destinies, which passed aimlessly and restlessly from one bewildering adventure to another, the inglorious and genuine virtues of domestic and civil life could not flourish. And intellectual progress was closed for the people, in this way, no less than moral. It was a saying of Napoleon himself, that he who suppresses ideas works at his own destruction; and by his own acts did he prove the truth of that saying. He scoffed everywhere at the idea, which was not of his own way of thinking; he left no space for art except when fashioned to flattery, nor for science unless where it worked for him; he did not honour, he banished and suppressed all their independent movements, whether in the school, the press, in society, or on the tribune. . . . For this suppression he sought out palliating motives; the fickle frivolity of the Frenchman was destitute, he maintained, of that enduring English stability which is the condition of a free political life; his impelling motive was, not

the genuine love of liberty, but only the military sense of honour. And this justification seemed daily more and more to strengthen into a conviction; nay, more than this, he acted as if it were a glorious task to render the people's asserted servility still more servile. One after another he destroyed all the treasures of France's great political heritage. . . . He pushed his way arbitrarily into the home and the family circle, and wove round it a web of espionage and delation. The highest names among this people which he had himself saturated with glory, he humiliated by coarse treatment, and degraded to blind instruments of his will. The slavish temper of his senators revolted even a Tiberius; but only the lowest submissiveness seemed to satisfy the Emperor of the French. . . . What an immeasurable gulf lay between the General Buonaparte whom Talleyrand could once describe as the ingenious child of the age, of his country, and of the revolution, admirable for his antique simplicity, his contempt for all vulgar outward shows—and the Emperor Napoleon, who had restored the tasteless court tinsel of a rotten past; who, with the voluptuousness of an Asiatic prince, had carried his favourite wine with him to Moscow; who, already falling, arrogantly affirmed that he was more necessary to France than France to him; who firmly believed in his own universal superiority, his own infallibility, and whose servants, in impious earnest, exhorted men "to consider his will as the decrees of fate"! . . . But on the rock of that presumption, which aspires to shatter nations to fragments, to defy time and space, and compress into the span of one mortal life the labours of a century, greater conquerors and greater heroes of humanity than Napoleon had already foundered. The passion of nationality in the oppressed and menaced peoples armed itself against him, and to it he succumbed as soon as the first blow dealt in Russia had shaken the faith in his fortune. It was no blind destiny that smote him; it was the overwrought tension of his own power and of the power of others which thrust him into ruin. . . . Beneath the strain upon them, support after support gave way, spring after spring relaxed. His instruments fell spontaneously from his hands: the people, having lost the habit of independent action, no longer responded to his call; the pusillanimity of the ministers in office, the treachery of the ministers out of office, the coarse ingratitude of his favourites, the indolence of his generals, battenning on enjoyments—all in the last hour conspired against the master. . . . His pride had inspired Napoleon with a profound contempt for his species, which was destined, in the end, to be mournfully justified by his own experience; his pride had also filled him with the idea that he possessed the deepest knowledge of mankind—but here he was to be bitterly undeceived. His army retained in its lowest strata indeed self-sacrificing and admirable fidelity, above all the severest proof; but the higher the rank the more flagrant the defection. The bravest resigned at the last moment; the most favoured disappeared and betrayed; the insulted and slighted, on the contrary, showed themselves the noblest; his relatives in Italy wavered or fell away. The rejected wife outlived only by a few weeks the fall of the husband she admired; the reigning empress, on the contrary, surrendered her capital, her husband, her imperial dignity, and soon, too, herself and her womanly dignity; the son shared the tragic fate of Astyanax, the fate which to his father seemed the most terrible of all.

By the side of this "judgment," which in statesmanlike depth and moral grandeur could scarcely perhaps be rivalled, we will place the observations on the character of Italian civilisation, which meet us at page 124, Vol. II.

The dawn of modern European civilisation had commenced in Italy *en plain moyen âge*, at the period when her art, literature, manufactures, and commerce were in their bloom. As soon, however, as the day of that civilisation had reached its full splendour, and particularly after the Saxon Reformation and Anglo-Saxon industry had impressed the German character upon the development of humanity, Italy fell out of the track of European culture, and here clung to, there relapsed into, the mediæval condition, out of which she had herself been the first to point the way. This condition has been retained in its integrity on the Italian islands, as far as social relations are concerned, while in the metropolis of the central and ancient world it extends itself both to civilisation and to worship. The subdivision of the peninsula has rendered the Italians unable to stand the competition for power and wealth with the great neighbouring states; and the domiciliation of Papacy in the midst of them has prevented them from keeping pace with the civilisation of the North. Once checked in their development, they soon estranged themselves from the refinement, and from the external and internal requirements of civilised nations, and fell off into that blunted indolence which was the most pernicious of their tendencies. The lower class sank into the extreme of neglect; the nobility lost its personal and political self-confidence; the middle class, the cement of the different social classes, was wanting; priestly dominion and princely absolutism blunted the spirit of popular unity by industriously keeping alive narrow local prejudices. Thus, thrust out of the com-

petition going on in the paths of modern advancement, unable to assimilate to themselves the new age, and to work with its forces, the Italians began, in self-sufficient disdain, to fall back upon the brilliant recollections of the past, and so made the mischief worse. They put still more out of sight the aims of the age they lived in; they unlearned the knowledge of self, the comparison and correct estimate of their condition, of their distance behind other progressive nations, and lost with it the last stimulant of national ambition. The power of action and of effort died so completely away, that those best acquainted with Italian affairs despaired of the country's ever being able to attain a free, popular, and active existence without foreign intervention. Extraordinary aid of this kind fell to Italy's share at the time of the French dominion; but, as we have already seen, this epoch passed away without any deep and lasting effect. The people in Italy had for centuries passively submitted to the influence of foreigners—Germans, Spaniards, and French—without having ever amalgamated with, or adapted themselves to, either men or institutions; and the same experience was repeated here. They beheld the departure of the new French

rulers, whose beneficial reforms they would gladly have retained, with indifference; and with like indifference did they permit the abolition of these reforms to the old domestic rulers, whom they would have gladly remained without. Thus did this foreign plantation, upon soil deeply turned up indeed, but also deeply exhausted, die away almost everywhere as rapidly as it had sprung up. Not foreign cultivation and discipline, not even the hot manure of home revolutions, but wide, universal meteorological conditions of highly favourable character and long duration, appeared to be necessary here before this soil should again be restored to youthful fertility. Not the mechanical influence of foreign nationalities, but the organic stimulus of the whole age and of the world, salutary alterations in the route of world-commerce, the rising civilisation of the times, travel, literary societies, newspapers, railroads, the ideal influence which radiates from this image of progressing nations, the material palpable realisation of the great chasm between its own circumstances and those of other nations—these commonest but massive conditions appear alone adapted and required to effect a regeneration of this people and a healthy invigoration of its growth.

Professor Gervinus possesses to an eminent degree (as the above extracts will go far to prove) that highest historical qualification, a comprehensive intellectual grasp which enables him to determine and depict, in large masses, the character of an epoch and the bearings of an event. In the work before us, no less than in his "History of the National Poetic Literature of Germany," shines conspicuous that method of profound deductive treatment, which the Germans designate the "genetic." The enchainment of events, the continuity of the vast panorama unrolled before us, is established with a master's hand. Looking at this qualification, in conjunction with the elevated tone of the author's mind, his unswerving conscientiousness, and his unwearying research; adding to all this the intense and immediate interest of the epoch he has chosen, we do not hesitate to say that the *History of the Nineteenth Century* promises to be, if not the most popular, at least one of the most valuable additions to the literature of our day.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

Zoological Society.—The transactions were as follows:—A paper containing a synopsis of the families and genera of bark corals.—A notice was communicated of a marine animal taken on the coast of Montrose, provisionally named *Lineus Beattici*, after its discoverer.—A paper giving a description of a web-producing lepidopterous insect from Wollombi, N. S. Wales.—A description of six new shells, from the collection of Sir David Barclay, Port Louis, Mauritius.—A paper on a collection of birds, made by Signor M. Botteri, in the vicinity of Orizaba, in Southern Mexico. 120 of these specimens had been previously obtained by M. Sallé, in the same country; other 41 species, not included in M. Sallé's collection, were enumerated—attention being particularly directed to three specimens, a very curious American type, the *Vireolanius Metolophrys*, B. p., a new *Zonotrichia*, and an apparently new form of *Vireonine*, characterised under the title *Neochloe brevipennis*.—A communication on the presence or absence of air in the bones of birds.—Dr. Crisp's object being to correct the prevailing error that the bones of birds contain air; his conclusions being "that the majority of British birds have no air in their bones, and that, with the exception of the *Falconidae*, but very few British birds had hollow femora."

In reference to a statement made in the last report of the Council of the Royal Astronomical Society, that no one had at present produced on a table a photographic image of a fixed star, Mr. W. C. Bond (U.S.), in answer, observes that an account was given six years ago that a daguerreotype impression had been obtained, at the Observatory of Harvard College, of the stars Vega and Castor, by the aid of a great equatorial telescope. This was the first successful attempt to procure photographic images of fixed stars, although then it was found impossible to extend the process to stars of lesser magnitude. These difficulties have been now overcome. By the construction of a driving clock on the principle of a spring governor, in which the rotary motion of the fly-wheel is regulated by an oscillating pendulum, and adapting this machine to the great telescope, the result has been, "a perfect delineation of stars of the lesser magnitude, and also of other stars ranging from the first to the fifth magnitude, evidencing that all stars usually visible to the unassisted eye may be mapped by the aid of photography with a degree of accuracy unsurpassed by the most refined measurements." Thus photography, combined with the electro-magnetic method of recording astronomical observations, seems destined to produce results of the greatest importance, and to effect a complete revolution in observing the position and physical condition of the heavenly bodies.

In reference to the subject whether magnetism influences vegetation, Mr. H. P. Baxter, in a communication to the Edinburgh Botanical Society, states that there is no positive evidence to show that magnetism either does or does not influence vegetation—observing that, "as it may be considered a

law in vegetable physiology, that all plants have a tendency during the germination of their seeds to develop in two opposite directions, might not this direction be influenced or counteracted by submitting the seeds, while germinating, to the magnetic force?" A series of experiments were made, in which the line of magnetic force was directed perpendicularly to the plants, and again was directed transversely to the plant; but no definite conclusion could be drawn relative to the effect of magnetism.

Mr. W. E. Bond, U.S. on the rings of Saturn, states that the inner edge of the rings is constantly approaching the planet itself; that the balls are seen through the rings, which are consequently transparent, and that the colour varies in different parts of the rings; also the shadow of the ball upon the ring can be seen on both sides. These views, with reference to the rings, correspond to those advanced by M. Otto Struve, namely, that the rings are verging towards the planet; but differ from the opinions of the Rev. Mr. Maine, of the Greenwich Observatory, who, after a series of observations, could not detect any approximation. The subject is thus left in abeyance.

In the *Comptes Rendus*, M. Gaudin explains his mode of proceeding for the artificial formation of sapphires. Equal weights of alum and sulphate of potash, both previously calcined and reduced to a fine powder, are introduced into a crucible, and exposed for a quarter of an hour to the full heat of a forge. When the crucible is broken, the crevices of the lining are found to contain a mass consisting of sulphuret of potassium, through which are disseminated the crystals of alumina. The mass is treated with dilute aqua regia, and the crystals left in the form of fine sand, which is well washed with water. These crystals vary in size according to the mass of materials employed and the duration of the heat. They are colourless, extremely limpid, and surpass natural rubies in hardness. The formation of these crystals depends on the solvent action of the sulphuret of potassium, by which, as well as by the chlorides, fluorides, and cyanides, it may be possible to obtain many other insoluble substances in crystal.

Mr. Gregory, the commander of the North Australian Expedition, in his communication to the Royal Geographical Society, states that the party employed in the exploration of the country to the south of Victoria river having penetrated the interior deserts to latitude 18° 20' South, and longitude 129° 30' East, directions were then given to embark that portion of the expedition which was not required to form the land party, and to proceed to Copang for supplies, and thence to the Albert river, in the Gulf of Carpentaria, to co-operate with the land expedition. On leaving the encampment on the Victoria river, the arid nature of the country compelled them to increase the latitude to 15°, in order to pass the central parts of Arnheim land, after which the party kept parallel to the coast as far inland as water could be found in the rivers, the greatest distance from the sea not exceeding 100 miles. On reaching the rendezvous at Albert river, and finding that the water party had not arrived, some ineffectual attempts were then made to

proceed to the south-east; but want of water necessitated a course parallel to the coast to latitude 17° 20' south, when the Gilbert river enabled a south-east course to be again pursued. Crossing the heads of the Lynd in 18° 40', the Burdeken was reached. The route was then along the right bank of that river to the junction of the Suttor river, which was followed up to the Belgando river, tracing that river to latitude 20°. A south-east course was pursued to the junction of the Comet and Mackenzie rivers, and from thence to the Dawson. The expedition here broke up. The result appears to be a corroboration of the view that the country along the gulf of Carpentaria was entirely unfit for European occupation.

ART AND ARTISTS.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The annual exhibition of the prizes selected by members of the London Art-Union is open, at the Gallery, in Suffolk-street. Judging from it, we come to the conclusion that this society has outlived its utility, if it ever had any. Its object is, professedly, "to promote the knowledge and love of the fine arts, and their general advancement in the British empire, by a wide diffusion of the works of native artists, and to elevate art and encourage its professors, by creating an increased demand for their works, and an improved taste on the part of the public." Its real performance is limited to enabling a number of picture-manufacturers to dispose of a number of works which would, probably, never otherwise have found purchasers. The improvement of taste on the part of the public is left out of the question. The exhibition this year is the very scum and dross of the various galleries which have been open during the summer. We only find inferior specimens even of artists who have real merit, and who can produce better things. The 200*l.* prize has been expended on a picture by J. H. S. Mann, "The Child's Grave," a piece of weak sentimentalism, not particularly well painted; the 150*l.* goes to Mr. J. Tennant, for his "Return from Jack-fishing in Llangorse Lake." It is one of Mr. Tennant's common-places. D. W. Deane's "Falstaff promising to marry Dame Quickly," purchased by the 100*l.* prize-holder, has some raciness in it. The stolid astonishment of goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, who coming in promiscuously, detects the familiarities of Falstaff and his landlady, is humorously expressed. We have one of H. J. Boddington's stereotyped Welsh views, "Shades of Evening on the Glaslyn," for which a 15*l.* prize-holder has given 120*l.* Besides these we note J. P. Pettitt's "Evening on the Llugwy," J. Henzell's "Crossing the Brook," H. B. Willis's "Family Group" (of goats), G. A. Williams's "Ford, Winter Evening," H. W. B. Davis's "Druid's Circle, St. John's Vale, Cumberland," H. Weckes, jun., "Group in Belgium," J. Collinson's "Mineral Spring," as selections showing at least some discrimination. The last-named picture is, in fact, that of a neatly-dressed maiden, the custodian of the said mineral spring,

painted in rather a flat, dry style. An ancient painter would have made a Madonna out of such a subject, adding only a little more breadth and dignity to the brow. The water-colour room is no better than the other; we find, indeed, bits by W. Bennett, W. C. Smith, T. L. Rowbotham, Edmund G. Warren, &c., but the display is far from brilliant.

In the south-west room are exhibited the reduced copies of some of the works which the society has engraved. Amongst them "The Burial of Harold," copied by T. G. Duvall from Pickersgill's painting; and "The Crucifixion," copied by A. Solomon from the original by Hilton, are worth a visit. The latter work is certainly one of the very few modern treatments of the subject which can be put in comparison with those of the earlier masters. The various sensations by which the different personages introduced are affected, are expressed with great dramatic force. In the same room is Frost's "Sabrina" (the original), the artist's most careful and successful work.

The question, whether the principle of entrusting the selection of prizes to a committee of taste should or should not be adopted, is an old one; and the London Art-Union has always boasted of the liberty which it leaves to each prize-holder to choose his own picture. The exhibition of the present year goes far to convince us that the principle of free choice is not worth retaining. Year by year the selections seem to get worse. In fact, artists are encouraged to paint off-hand, slovenly pictures, on the speculation that some Art-Union prize-holder will be found to bite at them, provided only a sufficiently handsome price is named. The larger the price the better the picture. The masses have no other criterion, nor does the Art-Union seem likely to succeed in affording them any other. The system has been surely tried long enough.

GLASGOW ART UNION.

THE Art Union of Glasgow proceeds upon the principle of entrusting the selection of prizes to a committee of taste, and with what results may now be judged by visiting the exhibition of the works already selected for the distribution of the present year, at the Old Water Gallery in Pall-Mall. There is here a really respectable collection, containing 145 pictures, among which are several works of great merit, and absolute rubbish is excluded. The prices affixed to them may be nominal or not; but at any rate we here find some proportion between the sum named and the intrinsic excellence of the picture to which it is affixed. The principal prize is a clever work by J. Phillip, "Lovers at a window"—a Spanish scene, the converse of that in the Royal Academy of the wife visiting her husband in his prison. Here we have the inside of the grating, and the prisoner is the lady.

A picture mentioned in the catalogue, "Little Children brought to Christ," by F. W. Pickersgill, had not arrived when we visited the gallery; but a photograph from it gives a high idea of its merits. Mr. Ansdell's picture of "Asses drinking, Seville," exhibited in the Royal Academy, is seen to greater advantage here than in its former position. There are two works by Louis Haghe, "Venice," and "Sportsmen regaling"—the latter in oils. "Landing on the Lecan River, co. Westmeath," is an excellent piece of painting by the humourist Erskine Nicol. J. J. Wilson's "Morning after a Storm, off the Corbierre Rocks, Jersey," is a fine treatment of rock and sea. The Scottish lass in Thomas Faed's "Auld Stile" is pretty, but, like most of this artist's figures, prodigiously long either in the back or legs, or both. Mr. Wolfe's "Covey of Partridges in the Snow" we have noticed on a previous occasion as an exquisite study of nature. In "Ludlow Castle," by Niemann, we have a very good landscape effect by an artist who can paint if he chooses, though in too many cases he falls into slovenly and careless execution.

There is a small but powerfully-imagined work by Cope, "Lara," and a neatly-finished one by F. Wyburd, "Hinda." There is not much of the Oriental in the damsel's face; she is one of Moore's Peris—not a genuine daughter of the Ganges.—G. Pettitt's "Mountain Mirror," and Boddington's "Close of an Autumnal Evening," are both really fine specimens of landscape. Among the minor prizes, we have D. Pasmore's "Maternal Love," a clever piece of colour; H. Jutsum's "Blackberry Dell," "Art in the Provinces," by E. Nicol, in which his well-known Irish originals are amusingly turned to account;

Woolmer's "Gardener's Daughter;" specimens of flowers by the Miss Nutties; G. C. Stanfield's "Beilstein on the Moselle," &c. &c. The picture chosen for the engraving of the society for the present year is Maclise's "Noah's Sacrifice."

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Guards have chosen their monument, and the site for it. Mr. Bell is the artist, an obelisk a hundred feet high the monument, and the inside of Grosvenor Gate, Hyde-park, the locality. Mr. Bell gets 3000*l.* for his work.—Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's great picture is about to pass out of our sight. Mr. Wright, its American purchaser, has refused a large sum for the work. He has obtained it for his house in New York, and declines to part with so splendid an acquisition.—It is stated that the sum realised for admission to the exhibition of the works of living artists in Paris will amount, after all the expenses have been paid, to upwards of 80,000*fr.*, which will be laid out in the purchase of pictures and sculptures. It is also said that this success will induce the administration to keep the exhibition open for some time longer than was at first intended.

The following is the report of the judges appointed to examine the models, submitted in competition, for a monument to the late Duke of Wellington:

To the Right Hon. Sir B. Hall, Bart., M.P., First Commissioner of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings.

SIR,—In the execution of the duty devolved upon us, we beg to recommend that the prizes should be allotted to the models corresponding with the following numbers:—

PREM.	NO.	MOTTO.
First ...	80 ...	"Most greatly lived this Star of England! Fortune made his Sword."
Second...	56 ...	"Avon."
Third...	36 ...	"Passed away."
Fourth...	10 ...	"Arno."
	12 ...	"'Tis not my profit that leads mine honour. Mine honour it."
	18 ...	"I know of but one art."
	29 ...	"Finis Coronat opus."
Equal ...	21 ...	"A design in clay resembles life. A stucco copy resembles death. The execution in marble, however, is the resurrection of the work of art."
	63 ...	"Let us guard our honour in art as in arms."

We have thus endeavoured to adjudge the prizes we have been instructed to distribute (in the scale of which we have not thought ourselves at liberty to make any change), in the order which appeared to us to be that of the relative degree of merit in the models, such models falling within the prescribed conditions as to the space to be occupied and the cost to be incurred.

In so doing we have not considered ourselves bound to take into exclusive consideration the peculiar fitness and adaptation to that spot in St. Paul's Cathedral which appears to be in contemplation for the erection of the proposed monument, which consideration might possibly have led to some difference in the selection.

We cannot at the same time forbear suggesting that, before any design is finally adopted by the Government, it would be desirable, considering the peculiarity of the situation contemplated, and that it essentially differs from that of all the other monuments now existing in the cathedral, the opinion of some experienced artists should be called for, who would be better judges of the local effect than we consider ourselves to be; more especially as Mr. Cockerell, the only one of the appointed judges professionally connected with the arts, though we have derived from him valuable assistance and information in the progress of the examination, has declined on that account taking a part in the ultimate decision.

We may be permitted to add that it is with much regret that we have found ourselves precluded from admitting into the competition some of the models, from the circumstance of their having exceeded the limits as to space distinctly laid down in the prescribed conditions.

LANDSOWNE, EDWD. CUST,
H. H. MILMAN, W. E. GLADSTONE.
OVERSTONE.

6, Palace-yard, Aug. 7, 1857.

The following are the names and addresses of the successful competitors, with the premiums awarded:—

- First Premium, 700*l.**
80. Mr. W. Calder Marshall, R.A., 47, Ebury-street, Eaton-square.
*Second Premium, 500*l.**
56. Mr. W. F. Woodington, 22, Richard's-terrace, Lorrimer-road, Walworth.
*Third Premium, 300*l.**
36. Mr. Edgar G. Papworth, 90, Milton-street, Dorset-square.
*Fourth Premium, 200*l.**
10. Cav. Giovanni Dupré, Florence.

Five Premiums of 100*l.* each.

12. MM. Mariano Folcini and Ulisse Cambi, Florence.
18. Mr. Alfred Stevens, 7, Canning-place, Kensington.
20. Mr. Mathew Noble, 13, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square.
21. Herr Ernestus Julius Hännel, Dresden.
63. Mr. Thomas Thorneycroft, 39, Stanhope-street.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT. MR. ROBINS has sold off the whole of the offices of the magnificent establishment, the Piazza Hotel, Covent-garden, which is to be immediately pulled down to clear the ground for the erection of the new Italian Opera House, the first stone of which is expected to be laid by the Prince of Wales in November. The new house will open in the spring of 1859.—At the Strand Theatre the Printer's Dramatic Society came forward on the stage, for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Mr. C. Bender, who had been connected with the metropolitan theatres for 35 years. Professor Anderson, "the Wizard of the North," also tendered his services to play his favourite part of William in "Black Eyed Susan."

LITERARY NEWS.

The London correspondent of the *Presse* says that Ledru Rollin has brought an action against the *Times* for an article alluding to him in connexion with the case of conspiracy against the life of the Emperor.—A compressed translation, in 3 vols., or adaptation, of Grote's Greece, by Dr. Theodore Fischer, has appeared in Leipzig.—The whole of the documents connected with the history of the celebrated Council of Trent, are about to be published, from copies in the Vatican Library, by order of the Pope.—A cheap edition, in German, of Lewes's Life of Goethe, is announced for publication at Berlin.—A Boston letter to the *New York Post*, says:—"There is a rumour that Professor Longfellow is preparing a new volume of poems; which is probably true. Lowell is much engaged in his duties as professor; he lectures on the literature of modern languages, and is busy in preparing his first course of lectures. Personally he is very popular with the students: he holds a levee for his classes every Thursday evening, and once in a while, of a Saturday, he collects a few students, and rambles off into the country for a walk and a quiet picnic."—The *Philadelphia Evening Journal* is authorised to say that the publishers of Dr. Kane's Narrative of his Arctic Exploring Expedition—Messrs. Childs and Peterson—have paid upwards of sixty thousand dollars to the estate of the lamented author, which is merely the copyright money for nine months' sales of the work! The demand for this wonderfully interesting narrative continues unabated, and it is almost certain that the copyright money will reach 100,000 dollars before many months have elapsed.—The *Windsor (Vt.) Journal* says, "Salmagundi" is the joint production of James K. Paulding, Washington Irving and some other whose name is not so well known. The person "whose name was not so well known," was Jairus Kennan, who was born in Waterbury, Vt., or spent his early youth there, who graduated at the University of Vermont, in its first class, in 1804, who was appointed professor of chemistry and mineralogy in the University in 1812, and who died in 1813. In the half-century historical discourse, delivered before the Alumni of the University of Vermont, in 1854, it is said of Mr. Kennan, that he "was regarded by his contemporaries as a man of uncommon promise. He was supposed to have been connected with J. K. Paulding and Washington Irving in writing the papers of 'Salmagundi,' contributing for his portion the poetical parts and some materials for the prose."

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE OPERAS.—Close off.
OLYMPIC.—New management under Messrs. Robson and Emden.—*The Lighthouse*: a drama, in two acts, by Mr. Wilkie Collins.
THE Opera season is at length at an end. After a series of performances at a cheaper rate than is usually set upon such an expensive luxury as good music, both Her Majesty's Theatre and the Lyceum have closed. The rebuilding of the Royal Italian Opera is expected to commence

shortly, and there are sanguine people who hope to see it open next year. Upon this, however, we can give no opinion; extraordinary things are certainly effected in the building line, but we shall be agreeably surprised if we have an opportunity of attending a regular performance at Mr. Gye's new theatre before the year of Grace 1859. And when it does open, what are we to have?—the old battle of rivalries and dear prices, or a new one of good feeling and room for all? The only thing that circumscribes the patronage of the Italian Opera is the price of admission. In order to fill the houses under the present system, a vast number of free admissions have to be granted. Now, both Messrs. Gye and Lumley have tried the experiment of cheap rates, and have found it answer. Why not try it henceforward upon a larger scale?

On Monday night the new management of Messrs. Robson and Emden was inaugurated at the Olympic, in a style which gave golden promise for the future. If the enthusiastic applause of a crowded house be any earnest to Mr. Robson, he may feel assured that the popular comedian will be no less popular as a manager. At the head of the programme was a little comedietta, entitled *Subterfuge*, which is adapted from the French, and is already known to the public under the name of "A Novel Expedient." This gave occasion for some charming acting from Mrs. Stirling, whom the public received in a manner befitting the best and most natural comic actress upon our stage. After this, Mr. Robson advanced to the footlights, and delivered an address in rhymes which had been composed for the occasion by Mr. Robert B. Brough. Although the points of this address were epigrammatically brought out, it may be questioned whether it would not have been in better taste if Mr. Robson had trusted to sober prose and the inspiration of the moment. It is true that he welcomed his friends very cordially, and was very feeling about the untoward departure of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan; but those words can hardly be said to come from one man's heart, when they are paid for off another man's pen. After the address had been duly applauded, the curtain rose upon Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama, *The Lighthouse*, which can scarcely be said to have then made its first appearance upon the stage, seeing that it has already been produced by the amateur company at Campden House, and at the house of Mr. Charles Dickens. It is fair to Mr. Wilkie Collins to remember that this piece was only written to be played by amateurs; but for that very reason it is that by amateurs only should it be played. It is a sketch, and not a piece, and a sketch full of all the beauties and faults of style for which Mr. Collins (who is very much of a story-teller and nothing of a dramatist) is remarkable. There is a painful minuteness of detail observable throughout, which, though pleasant enough in a tale, is detestable in a drama. Perhaps it may even be called a pre-Raphaelite sketch, in which every leaf, twig, or even lump of earth, is portrayed with microscopic exactness and unnatural fidelity. To give one instance of this unpleasant minuteness, let me recollect to mind the passage where old Jacob Dale is recalling the length of time that they have been left in the lighthouse without food. "Let me see," says he (or something to that effect) "from the 16th of November to the 29th of December. From the 16th to the 23rd is one week,—from the 23rd to the 30th is two weeks"—and so on until he has gone over the whole tale of weeks and days. Now an audience does not like to be treated so; it prefers to have it taken for granted that it knows something about its multiplication-table.

Mr. Robson's impersonation of old Master Gurnock (Mr. Dickens's original character) was picturesque and natural; but the character was too small for him. Mr. Addison and Mr. G. Cooke also earned great kudos for their truthful renderings of old Jacob Dale and the stout old pilot Furley. Miss Wyndham looked pretty, and Miss Swanborough graceful, in Phebe Dale and the Lady Grace. The audience applauded, and was very enthusiastic, and Mr. Collins bowed from his box. But they may applaud and bow as they please; *The Lighthouse* can have no permanent hold upon the English stage.

JACQUES.

OBITUARY.

BLOMFIELD, CHARLES J. D.D., late Bishop of London. Chiefly eminent for his station in the Church. He was a ripe scholar, and an author and editor of repute. He wrote

"A Manual of Family Prayer," "Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles," and published his Sermons preached at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. He edited Porson's "Adversaria," and prepared an edition of "Callimachus," and of five plays by Æschylus. Bishop Blomfield was born in 1786, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His retirement last year, and the pension which was granted to him, was the occasion of much criticism and dispute. It is, however, conceded on all hands that Bishop Blomfield was a man of great learning and piety, who strove to do his duty firmly and conscientiously in the station of life in which it pleased God to place him.

BONAPARTE, CHARLES LUCIEN, Prince of Canino, an accomplished naturalist. He was born in Paris on the 2nd of May 1803. His father, Lucien, was the most able and independent of Napoleon's brothers; his son, like himself, became a man of letters and a democrat. His works on natural history—on birds especially—are the highest of their class. His various contributions to the ornithology of America—including the continuation of Wilson, the Synopsis, and the Catalogue, published during his residence in the United States—placed him in the first rank of scientific investigators. On his return to Europe he consolidated his reputation by his "Iconografia della Fauna Italica," published at Rome. The Prince was married to his first cousin, Zenaida, daughter of King Joseph, and leaves behind a large family of sons and daughters.

DELANE, MR. M. F. A., who once played an important part in British journalism. Mr. Delane has for many years had no avowed connexion with the newspaper press, but he once filled an influential position in the management of the *Times*. His son, Mr. J. Delane, is now the editor of that paper. Mr. Delane became separated from the *Times* some years ago, owing to a dispute with the proprietors; and he subsequently became the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. He died at the house of one of his sons, near Norwich, in the 64th year of his age.

DICK, DR. THOMAS, died at Broughty Ferry, on the river Tay, in his 83rd year. He was the author of many popular works on science and religion. We may mention his "Philosophy of Religion," "Philosophy of a Future State," and his "Celestial Scenery," as among the best known of his voluminous writings.

SCE, EUGENE, a French surgeon, died on Monday morning, at Annecy, in Savoy, after a protracted illness. He was born in Paris in 1808, and was the son of a professor of anatomy, who left him a considerable estate. He himself studied medicine, and made a number of voyages as naval surgeon. For a long time his productions excited little or no attention. At length, however, the romance "Mathilde, or the Memoirs of a Young Woman," attracted the public. The success of "Mathilde" was far exceeded by that of the "Mysteries of Paris." The "Wandering Jew," which followed the "Mysteries of Paris," was received with no less favour. He has also written the "Histoire de la Marine Française du Siècle de Louis XIV." in five volumes. This work is half history and half romance, but possesses great interest, notwithstanding its twofold character.

CROKER, JOHN WILSON, Esq., late Secretary to the Admiralty, and better known as a literary man and a Quarterly Reviewer, was born at Galway in the year 1780. His father was Surveyor-General of Ireland. Mr. Croker was educated at Dublin University, and was subsequently called to the bar. He was returned as M.P. for Downpatrick in 1807, and was celebrated when in Parliament for his trenchant powers of satire. He was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty about the year 1809. As a literary man, Mr. Croker made many enemies—a fact which is principally attributable to his hatred of humbug and his love of truth.

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